The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JANUARY 9, 1890.

The Week.

THE question of the proper duty on hat-trimmings was before the Supreme Court in the Langfeld case, and the Treasury officials should have heeded what was then said. It was again presented, in 1888, to the Federal Circuit Court in Philadelphia (in the Wanamaker case), and again the judgment was in favor of the importer, but the Treasury refused acquiescence. On October 5, 1888, Assistant Secretary Maynard asked Mr. Cheney of the Silk Association of America for his advice in regard to further resistance of the judicial power. Of course, he advised the continued levy of 50 instead of 20 per cent., the rate judicially ascertained, and the levy was made. And now comes a second decision by the Supreme Court, which, the telegraph says, will take six millions from the Treasury, which is doubtless an overestimate. But the sum will certainly be large, and by it Postmaster-General Wanamaker will greatly benefit. The 50 per cent. rate should never have been exacted. If the law was ambiguous, the lowest rate (20 per cent.) should have been assessed. The women of the country have paid the excess of 30 per cent., which will never be refunded to them, but all will go to the importers, who will have got the 30 per cent. twice, once on sale of the goods and again by the refund.

We shall see a similar result when the worsted case is reached in the Supreme Court. In fact, there are a lot of judgments piling up against the Treasury in this sinister fashion. A decision has been rendered lately by an appraiser in Chicago that the article called "degras," imported for tanning purposes, is dutiable as an expressed oil at 25 per cent., instead of a grease dutiable at 10 per cent. Degras is the grease obtained from wool in the process of removing its impurities and preparing it for spinning. It is used for the purpose of softening the upper leather of boots and shoes. The Boston *Commercial Bulletin* protests strongly against this decision, and intimates that it has been made in the interest of the producers of menhaden oil, who think that the demand for their stuff would be increased if they could get the duty on degras increased. In fact, they did get it increased in the Senate bill last year to one cent per pound. This was done on the motion of Senator Allison, without a word of explanation. It was not even stated what degras consisted of. The presiding officer of the Senate asked the Senator from Iowa how the word should be spelled, and the latter replied that it should be "de gras," as though it were two French words. No other notice was taken of the amendment. The *Commercial Bulletin* tells us there is an annual importation of ten million pounds of degras. The duty of one cent per pound, therefore, means a tax of $100,000 on the leather-manufacturers of the country. As the Senate bill did not pass, the Chicago Appraiser has lent his aid to the protection of American industry by raising the duty to 25 per cent. ad valorem. If his decision is sustained by the Treasury Department, we may look for another reversal and a fresh restitution.

Mr. Saxton has made some minor changes in his ballot bill, and has drawn a corrupt-practices bill to follow it as a companion piece of legislation. The principal change in the ballot bill is the adoption of a blanket ballot, or rather two blanket ballots, one general and the other municipal, in place of the several ballots provided for in last year's bill. He now proposes to group all the names of all candidates for national, State, and county offices upon the general ballot, and all those for municipal offices upon the other. In Presidential years the names of Presidential Electors will be put upon the general ballot. The names of the candidates are to be placed in the same party order in all the groups, with the politics of each placed after the name. He also thinks of favoring the proposal to have the voter indicate his choice by crossing off or erasing the names of all the candidates save those for whom he wishes to vote, instead of by placing a cross opposite those of his choice. Erasure is the method required under the new Missouri law, and it is favored by the Albany *Argus* and other Democratic authorities as being preferable to that of marking. As a matter of fact, the change amounts to nothing one way or another in principle, though it may facilitate both the preparation of the ballots and the counting of the vote. Mr. Saxton is wise to make it if by so doing he can get votes for the bill. His substitution of blanket ballots is also a wise one, for the practical test in Massachusetts has demonstrated their usefulness.

It is obviously the determination of all the advocates of genuine ballot reform to adhere to the requirement of exclusive official ballots as the fundamental principle of the system. Mr. Saxton declares that he will never abandon that, as "it is the vital issue of the bill," and in that position he is impregnable. His present bill, so far as we can judge of it from the brief synopsis published, is an adequate one. Under it bribers and those who accept bribes are to be punished, those who make bets or resort to violence to restrain voters from the polls, and all employers of labor who, within ninety days prior to the election, threaten to reduce wages or to discharge from employment those who may not vote as the employer directs, are subject to punishment of not less than three months' nor more than one year's imprisonment, and the forfeiture of any office to which the offending person may have been elected, with the loss of suffrage for five years. Within ten days after election every candidate must file an itemized account of his expenses, accompanied by an affidavit that it is correct. Every candidate is ineligible to office until he does this, and in the event of his failure to comply is guilty of misdemeanor. The person who accepts a bribe is made a competent witness against the person who offers a bribe. He shall testify the same as any other person at a hearing, trial, or investigation, and such testimony shall not be used against him in a criminal prosecution. If he turns State's evidence, he shall not be subjected to prosecution for such offences.

Gov. Hill pays a striking tribute to the importance of the ballot-reform question by giving more than one-half of his annual message to the discussion of it. As sent to the press, his message fills thirty-six printed pamphlet pages, and no less than twenty of them are devoted to electoral reform—five-ninths of the whole. The tone is explanatory and apologetic, and in decided contrast with that of the Governor's former official utterances upon the subject. He had the difficult task to perform of inventing an almost entirely new set of objections to the Australian system, for the complete success of the Massachusetts law destroyed all his old ones. The only one of them which he retains in its entirety is the claim that an exclusively official ballot is "unconstitutional," and he is obviously conscious that this does not carry much weight, for he puts it forward at the close in rather a half-hearted manner. Nearly all of what he says has no application to the present situation. He dwells, for example, at much length upon the point that the Australian system cannot be applied to American institutions without material modifications—a complete waste of mental energy, since nobody has said that it could, and since the necessary modifications have been made, and the modified system has been tried with entire success, and is now the law in nine American States. He recommends the secret-compartment method of voting, as effectively reaching the "two great evils of bribery and intimidation," but insists upon the use of both official and unofficial ballots, though experience has shown that the use of the latter makes the perpetration of bribery and intimidation not only easy but more systematic than ever. He repeats in a modified form some of his old objections to the official ballot as putting too much power in the hands of the county clerks and other officials, about delays in distribution, and about the disfranchisement of the illiterate voters, but fails to mention that the experiment in Massachusetts has shown them to be wholly imaginary.

Next to ballot reform, the Governor devotes more space to the subject of a new census and reapportionment of the State than to any other single topic. He begins his message, in fact, with this subject, and

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very naturally, as it is one which has caused him more trouble than any other save ballot reform. Nothing that he has done as Governor has injured his party more than his veto, in 1885, of the bill providing for a new census. He thus prevented a reapportionment of the State, and, as the Democrats believe, made it impossible for them to get control of the Legislature. His pretence, which he repeats now, that he was in favor of an enumeration and not of a census, on the ground of economy, has never struck his party as adequate, and never will. But his veto, and that of the Constitutional Convention Bill of 1887, were assailable on higher grounds than those of party expediency. In both cases he usurped power which it was never intended that any Governor should exercise. Both measures were intended to set in motion governmental machinery that had as much right to move at the proper time as the Legislature has to meet annually, for both were authorized by the Constitution of the State. Continuous action of the kind on the part of a Governor would destroy free government in the State. Gov. Hill labors now, as he has done in the past, to put all the blame on the Legislature; but he cannot explain away the fact that it was his veto which prevented the constitutional requirement in each case from being carried out. The "outrageous abuse of power" which he denounces was committed by himself. It has always seemed to us that his course in regard to a constitutional convention was impeachable.

The most interesting feature of Gov. Brackett's message to the Massachusetts Legislature, so far as outsiders are concerned, is the passage devoted to the subject of liquor legislation. For many years the State has had a local-option law, which allows each city or town to decide for itself each year whether or not the sale of liquor shall be permitted. Under this law during the past year no less than 288 of the 351 towns and cities voted against licenses, so that, if the towns vote this year the same as last, after the 1st of May there will be absolute prohibition in more than four-fifths of the towns and cities of the commonwealth. When a municipality decides to license the sale of liquor, it can be carried on only under very restrictive conditions. The last Legislature passed an act by which the license fee is fixed at $500, while only one license can be granted in Boston for every 500 inhabitants, and in other cities and towns only one for every 1,000 inhabitants. Sales in these towns and cities are prohibited between the hours of eleven at night and six in the morning on every week day, at all times on Sunday, on all election days, and on legal holidays, except, in certain cases, by druggists and by licensed innholders to their guests. They are prohibited in any building within 400 feet of a public school, and in any building within 25 feet of any real estate the owner of which duly objects to the granting of a license therefor. Every license to sell liquor to be drunk on the premises is subject to the condition that the licensee shall not keep a public bar, and shall hold a license as an innholder or common victualler; and this latter he is not entitled to hold unless actually carrying on the business specified. "The meaning of the law," says the Governor, "clearly is that, while liquor may be sold by a licensed dealer, like other merchandise, to be carried away, it shall not be sold to be drunk on the premises except in hotels and restaurants. The obvious intent is to do away with the dram-shop and the public bar, and only to allow the licensed proprietors of hotels and restaurants, as incidental to their business as such, to furnish liquor to their bona-fide guests."

The result of all this is that, under the local-option system, prohibition prevails in those towns and cities where public sentiment demands it, being 82 per cent. of the whole number, while severe restrictions are placed upon the sale of liquor in those places where the voters decide to license its sale. Each community, if it chooses, can absolutely forbid the sale, while license by no means signifies liberty to start a liquor-saloon anywhere. The Governor heartily endorses this system, and in so doing simply represents the public sentiment of his State.

The wool-growers last year went to Washington and pushed and pulled for higher duties on wool, and got what they asked for because there was no effective resistance to them. Their bill did not pass, because one branch of Congress, being Democratic, was committed to free wool. The Senate yielded to the outlandish demand, but the House did not. This year both branches of Congress are Republican, and it has been assumed that the Senate bill of last year would be taken up and passed without much modification, and without any so far as the wool schedules are concerned. So confident were the wool-growers of this result that they demanded a special session of Congress last October expressly to act upon their measure, and it was thought at one time that they would get it. But another class began to take an interest in the subject of wool duties. The manufacturers prevented the special session, and now they have appeared at the tariff hearings of the Committee on Ways and Means in sufficient force probably to defeat the Senate wool schedule altogether. The petitions presented or to be presented by Mr. Frank P. Bennett of nearly one thousand manufacturers, most of them in favor of free wool, and the others in favor of lower duties, are the most weighty demonstration against robbery by tariff that the present generation of Americans has seen. To us it seems to mark the turning of the tide, since it betokens the rising of an interest strong enough to make itself heard and felt at the seat of Government in opposition to the practice of letting everybody rifle his neighbor's pockets as much as he likes. When the practice is once checked —it makes no difference at what point on the road—the opposite policy will begin to make headway.

The *Manufacturer* of Philadelphia publishes without comment a letter from Mr. F. B. Crawford *against* bounties and subsidies for shipping, in which the *reductio ad absurdum* is pretty effectively employed. It would be desirable, Mr. Crawford thinks, that the bounty system, if adopted, should result in giving us at least one-half as much steam shipping as Great Britain now enjoys. If it should have that effect, then "if each steamer traversed 30,000 miles per annum, a low estimate, and received thirty cents per gross ton (as proposed by the bounty bill) per 1,000 miles, the annual cost would be about $44,000,000. If this were to come from the national surplus," he continues, "owners would doubtless conclude, after the third dividend, that they had been induced to build their vessels under false pretences, for by that time a reaction in the public mind might be expected." As a method of getting rid of the surplus, this would surpass any new pension law now contemplated.

A correspondent inquires why we cannot have a permanent tariff commission to take the tariff question out of politics, in the same way that the Inter-State Commerce Commission has taken the railroad question. The answer is, that there is no objection to such a commission except its uselessness. The existence of such a commission presupposes that Congress, after creating it, will let the tariff alone, or only meddle with it when and as the commission shall advise. But we all know that Congress will do nothing of the kind. The reason why Congress will not let the tariff alone, either before or after creating a commission, is that the people, who elect Congressmen, will not let it alone. In other words, the desideratum of a tariff that nobody will attack is not to be found short of the kind of tariff that Great Britain has—*i. e.*, one from which the protective element has been wholly eliminated. Even that kind of a tariff would be exposed to the attacks of the Henry George men, who want to have all taxes imposed upon land values. In short, the proposition in question is to have a free people abdicate for the time being the exercise of self-government touching the particular branch of government which most nearly concerns their welfare. The analogy of the Inter-State Commerce Commission fails in this, that the latter body simply interprets and enforces an existing law subject to appeal to the regular judicial tribunals. It stands towards the Inter-State Commerce Law exactly where the collectors of customs and the Secretary of the Treasury stand towards the Tariff Law.

To any who think that a permanent tariff commission would be a useful adjunct to our Government, the example of the last Tariff Commission should serve as a warning. No body of men ever worked more diligently, few ever worked more conscientiously. It was composed of protectionists of a pronounced type. It possessed the confidence of the Republican Administration then in power and of the Republican party generally. Yet its work was treated with no more civility or consideration by Congress than that of any college debating society.

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If it had been a permanent instead of a temporary commission, the members must have tendered their resignations in a body if they had preserved any notions of self-respect.

Very slight attention has been paid to the recent investigation by a Senate committee of our relations with Canada. There is no election pending now, and consequently no occasion for lashing ourselves into fury respecting the fishery question or the encroachments of Canadian railways. The testimony of ex-Collector Babson of Gloucester, Mass., however, seems to call for some notice. According to the newspaper reports, Capt. Babson contended that American fishermen had a grievance in "the denial to them of the right to buy anything that is lawful and proper in every Canadian port, or the denial to them of rights that are accorded other commercial vessels. The witness advised as a remedy that proper legislation in Congress should be taken, and advocated retaliation as the very best way to obtain the end sought for." The "anything" which is denied to American fishermen in Canadian ports (which means Newfoundland) is bait, which is caught only in the bays and inlets of Newfoundland, and which gives to that island all the territorial value which it has in respect to its fisheries. To surrender this privilege is equivalent to surrendering its shore rights and its territory, and this Collector Babson knows full well; but he talks in a way to give a popular impression that the Dominion of Canada is denying to the United States something contrary to international comity. The Dominion of Canada might as well allege as a grievance against the United States that its fishermen are not allowed to collect oysters in Chesapeake Bay or in the inland waters of Virginia. The authorities of Newfoundland have as indisputable a right to say how this bait, caught only in her inland waters, shall be collected, and how it shall be used, as the United States have to deny to Newfoundland fishermen the privilege of selling their fish in our markets. And yet Collector Babson would try and persuade our people that we have a cause of grievance against Canada worthy of such retaliatory proceedings as might occasion war; and in so doing his conduct is open to the most serious animadversion.

Whatever opposition is made to the confirmation of Gen. T. J. Morgan as Commissioner of Indian Affairs when his name comes before the Senate will rest on two grounds, viz., the result of his trial by a court-martial during the war, and his alleged unfriendliness to the Roman Catholics in his government of the Indian schools. The weight of evidence as regards his court-martial, presented since his nomination by the President, favors the assumption that he was the victim of one of those unjust verdicts which are recorded during every war either by military tribunals or by individual commanders. Of the first of these the case of Gen. Fitz-John Porter is an example; of the second, the case of Gen. G. K. Warren. As regards the complaints of the Catholics, recently published statements by Bishop Ireland and Mr. Herbert Welsh, giving both sides of the matter, lead only to the conclusion that the Indian Commissioner views the Indian schools in the light of public schools, holding that Government money should not go to those that are strictly sectarian; while the Catholics would demand a share of the Government funds for their Indian schools, just as they are constantly contending for a share of the school money in the States for their parochial schools. We think that public opinion will sustain Commissioner Morgan in his treatment of this question. It is a strong argument in favor of his confirmation to find him zealously supported by the organizations which make the welfare of the Indians their special study, and have fought so long to divorce Indian government from party spoils.

The account of the shabby treatment which our Government has accorded to the foreign delegates to the International Marine Conference is very unpleasant reading for Americans. As a people we are generous in our hospitality, and it is humiliating to learn that we are not so as a nation. The Conference was called by our Government; the delegates came to it at our solicitation and as our guests. Foreign governments, as is their custom in such cases, sent to us their most eminent representatives of the profession whose rules and general practice were to constitute the subjects under discussion. If the same men had come to our houses as private guests, they would have received the most cordial and lavish hospitality which it had been in our power to give. Yet, chiefly through the niggardliness of Congress, as a nation we showed ourselves to them both stingy and ill-mannered, not even furnishing suitable quarters for their deliberations, though our chief problem in government is to know how to dispose of our enormous surplus.

Immediately upon the passage of the French military law of the 15th of July, 1889, M. de Freycinet appointed a commission to consider and report upon the question of dispensations from service, and to draw up a body of rules under which the article 23 of the law, which concerns exemptions, should be put in force. This commission performed its delicate and difficult task with as much despatch as was possible, and its report was sent to the Conseil d'État, where it was debated, and the *règlement d'administration* which was its result was signed by the President and published on the 23d of last November. There seems to be no doubt that it has created a good deal of discontent among the French middle classes. One regulation especially gives them trouble, namely, that which permits certain classes of students at the École Normale Supérieure to get off with one year's service with the colors, in case they anticipate conscription and voluntarily enlist at the age of eighteen.

One result of the law, which very likely was not expected, will be to crowd the favored schools with aspirants for degrees and exemption from service. As the *Journal des Débats* says:

> "It is impossible to conceal the fact that the French *bourgeoisie* regards with the gravest concern the prospect of its sons being doomed to spend three years of their life in barracks. It will do all it can to avoid that misfortune. To obtain a reduction in the time of his military servitude, the young French *bourgeois* will use every effort to gain a diploma, even if it be that of an apothecary or a veterinarian. Those who despair of obtaining one will go in for the study of music, and if fugue and counterpoint are beyond their reach, they will attempt to excel on the trombone or the cornet."

"Culture," it appears, will become general. The land of *la gloire* will be filled with Sanskrit scholars and trombonists who have become such in order to avoid the path to glory. But the *Débats* really seems to think the case serious, and urges the Conseil d'État to revise the law, and at least to give to the commercial schools the benefit of the reduction of time of active service which is now enjoyed only by the École Normale.

Early in the sessions of the Austrian Reichsrath, the question of the national aspirations of Bohemia, and the proposal of the Young Czechs that Francis Joseph should be crowned King of Bohemia at Prague, had an airing. A German Liberal deputy, Herr Plener, interpellated the Government about the whole matter, asking Count Taafe what he meant to do in the premises, and fiercely denouncing the national movement and the new Governor of Bohemia. A Czech orator replied, asserting that the Bohemian Diet was the place for such discussions. As the German members of that Diet have abandoned their seats, as a last and desperate protest against the Young Czech party, this thrust was a deserved one. The representative of the Czechs went on to say that his party had come to power in Bohemia in the face of a constitution and electoral law expressly designed to keep them in the minority, and that now the Germans were demanding that the majority should surrender to them. The President of the Council, who is supposed to be not averse to such displays of national animosities, since he is playing one party off against another, declared that he should continue in his course of conciliation and regard for the interests of all parties, and promised to give a full answer to the interpellation in January. But he concluded to do it sooner, and, a few days after, stated that the Government had no idea of consenting to the crowning at Prague, or of taking any other imprudent step which might stimulate race prejudice and seem to impair the unity of the empire. Still it was not hostile to the proper national spirit of Bohemia, which it would consult and favor in all legitimate ways. He advised the Germans to go back to their seats in the Diet. Those seats, by the way, have been declared vacant, and new elections ordered to fill them. The Germans will stoutly contest the elections, but will not occupy the seats, so it is said, even if they win them again.

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THE OPPORTUNITY OF THE DEMOCRATS.

At the present juncture the Democratic party occupies an exceptionally favorable position. Its accession to power was generally dreaded, but, whatever it failed to accomplish, it at least proved that its policy involved no marked injury to the country, and most of the arguments *in terrorem* that were used against it have lost their force. The immolation, so to speak, of Mr. Cleveland kindled a fire that burns much fiercer now than it did a year ago, and is causing obvious consternation in the Republican forces. Their majority is very small, and they can scarcely adopt a measure that will not make it smaller. The country is aroused about the tariff; it demands a reduction, but the Republican party cannot offer one. The talk of a tariff bill is idle. The interests that suffer under the present high duties will not tolerate an increase, and the interests that have profited by them have grown too arrogant to permit a reduction. With a large majority it would be possible to offend some of the members of the party for the sake of placating the country; but with a small majority this policy is impossible, for the majority would disappear in the process.

The trouble is, that the party is no longer held together by any proper tie of loyalty, or by devotion to any lofty ideal. It is controlled by a ring of wealthy and corrupt men, whose bond of union is greed, and who regard government in modern times as an instrument of plunder much superior to the mediæval contrivances. It would be adding insult to injury for these men to ask one of their number to relinquish his share of the booty in order that the rest of them might continue their operations with greater safety. What are the interests of the party to him if he is to make no money by its success? There is a certain precarious honor among thieves, but it has never been carried to the quixotic extreme of expecting loyalty from a brother who was omitted in the division of the spoils. In short, the Republican ring is not strong enough to dispense with the support of any of its members, and it cannot touch the tariff without alienating some of them. The party is fairly caught between the devil of protectionism and the deep sea of popular odium. Apparently it is bound to work out its own destruction without assistance.

It is, however, in the power of the Democrats to accelerate the catastrophe materially. While they were in power they were hampered by responsibility. They had the whole matter of the tariff to deal with, which was very nearly the same as having to undertake the regulation of all the business of the country. Their policy, although creditable to their courage, inevitably united the opposition. It brought out the whole of the forces of the protected interests and illustrated the maxim, *Beati possidentes*. But now that the Democrats are in opposition they can fight with a freer hand. It would be folly for them to attempt to bring forward the Mills bill again. The country would understand that there was no hope of passing it, and would regard it as an idle manœuvre. What they should do is to unite, as they easily can, upon some simple measure which will divide their opponents. It is a question for careful consideration, but probably a bill for the abolition of the duties upon wool would be most difficult for the Republicans to face. A number of their Representatives would see at once that opposition to such a measure would mean for them a quick return to the obscurity of private life, and would be tempted to manifest an independence that would be personally advantageous. Some even of their Senators might feel that, in the course of human events, a record of opposition to such a measure would stand in the way of a re-election.

While it is perhaps hardly probable that the Democrats could force such a measure through Congress (although a great many Republicans would be secretly delighted to see their despised and detested leader compelled to assume the odium of vetoing it), yet the mere attempt, if boldly and skilfully managed, would be extremely demoralizing to their adversaries. The example of the overthrow of the quinine tax should not be forgotten. But the principal advantage to the Democrats would be derived from the popular interest which would be aroused in the struggle. The general subject of protective duties is altogether beyond the comprehension of most people. It does not interest them, and it is too vast and intricate a matter for them to grapple with. The number of persons who have sufficient mastery of political economy to discuss it intelligently is extremely small, and without this mastery of principles it is impossible to accomplish anything by an appeal to facts. A system of customs duties is intrinsically dry, difficult, and complicated; common people cannot understand it and do not want to be bored with it.

A tax upon a single article of universal use is a very different matter. It seems to be a very concrete thing, although it is in reality abstract enough. It is to be remembered that the reform of the tariff in Great Britain began with the overthrow of the corn laws. There was a tax upon food, and there were people starving; from these simple premises every one felt competent to draw a conclusion. It is true that a tax upon clothes does not arouse the same degree of indignation as a tax upon bread, but, after all, there is, perhaps, no greater blessing to the poor in such a climate as ours than woollen clothing. Many a sturdy fellow has fallen a victim to consumption or been crippled by rheumatism who would now be in vigor if the laws of his country had allowed him to use one of the most beneficent gifts of nature. This wonderful fibre is an indispensable protection to all whose toil is attended with exposure to cold or wet or heat. It makes the warmest clothing in winter and the coolest in summer. It is the only safe covering for the human body by day and the only suitable covering by night. There is something hideously mean and contemptible in the avarice of our woollen-manufacturers, who have succeeded in depriving the toiling millions of this country of wholesome clothing and compelling them to swelter and shiver under wretched mixtures of cotton and shoddy, all for the sake of maintaining a tax that has been as often ruinous as beneficial to those who imposed it. They took advantage of the generous outburst of patriotism at the beginning of the war to pocket enormous bounties, and manifested their gratitude by furnishing our gallant volunteers with clothing that left them a prey to diseases more fatal than the bullets of the enemy. The lofty words of Mr. Cleveland's speech at Boston should shame them into abandoning their sordid policy.

But whether they are likely to be affected by such considerations or not, they would be extremely likely to discern that free wool would be to their immediate advantage. They would be aware that the bounty upon their own products would be next done away with, but they are sufficiently astute to see that it is already doomed, and to reason that if they can have two or three years of large profits before retribution overtakes them, they would be very foolish to refuse them for the sake of suffering as much as their companions. Some of them, also, are wise enough to see that if they could have free wool, they would need no more protection than they would be quite sure to get. Altogether it is highly probable that the opposition of the woollen-manufacturers to a bill for the immediate abolition of the duties upon wool would be of a feeble character, and it is certain that they would be justly or unjustly suspected of lukewarmness. As it is only with the greatest difficulty that discipline is at present enforced in the Republican ranks, such an occasion would probably lead to open mutiny.

As to the employees in the woollen mills, there can be no doubt that they would heartily support such a measure if it were once proposed. In addition to the gain in better clothing, they would see that free wool would set thousands of idle spindles turning, and that increased production would bring increased wages. The remote consequences to the sacred principles of protectionism would weigh little with them against such immediate advantages as these. There is good reason to suppose that the common people of the country would take the same common-sense view of the matter. If the issue were made plain to them—and such an issue could be made plain—that they were to choose between the solid and tangible advantages of good shirts and coats and blankets and carpets at prices now paid for wretched substitutes, and the remote and abstract blessings of a protective tariff, they would not long hesitate. Let the Democrats identify themselves with a measure of this kind, and their success is assured. Every advantage of discussion would be with them, and their opponents would be restricted to labored and sophistical generalities. Whether the bill were carried or not, the gain to the Democrats would be the same. Such a measure is by no means the ideal of tariff reform, but it is a safe prophecy that it would be followed by such a bound of prosperity as to make systematic revision easy. Once let us have a concrete in-

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stance of the advantages of free trade, and the terrors that surround the name will lose their power to affright our people.

PROMOTING MENDICANCY.

THE renewed attempt by Senator Blair to secure the passage of a bill for Federal aid to education in the South requires a renewal of efforts against this pernicious scheme by all friends of the public-school system. Happily the opponents of the project have now abundant assurance that public sentiment throughout the country is with them, and that Congress will be heartily supported by the people of the South as well as of the North in defeating the bill.

It is now eight years since the Blair bill was introduced in the Senate. It was brought forward upon the plea that the South was "impoverished by the war," that she was then raising all the money for the support of schools which it was possible for her to raise, and that no improvement could be expected for years to come unless aid were given from Washington. It was therefore proposed to pass a bill "to aid in the establishment and temporary support of common schools," such aid to cover a period of eight years.

The eight years have now passed, and it has been conclusively shown that there was no necessity for the passage of such a bill. Not one cent of money has been voted from Washington, and yet the amount of money expended for the support of schools in the South is now many millions more than eight years ago, when the advocates of the Blair bill claimed that the limit had been reached. The New Orleans *Times-Democrat*, which has for years made a specialty of collecting the statistics of Southern progress, published a statement last September which showed that the school revenues in the Southern States (excluding Delaware, Maryland, West Virginia, and Missouri) were only $6,145,706 in 1880, and had much more than doubled in 1889, amounting last year to $13,905,304.

A recent letter from the Superintendent of Public Instruction in Florida gives the school statistics for the year preceding the passage of the Blair bill and for the eighth succeeding year. During this period the number of schools increased from 1,131 to 2,249, the number of scholars from 39,315 to 82,323, and the expenditures for schools from $114,805 to $484,110. Superintendent Russell shows how this increase has been the outgrowth of public interest in the school system, and points out how normal and healthful this development has been.

Florida has perhaps made the most rapid progress in this matter of all the Southern States, although she is hard pressed by Arkansas, where within a period of three years there was an increase in the number of teachers from 2,462 to 3,691, in the number of pupils from 112,233 to 175,935, and in the expenditure for school purposes from $479,471 to $866,892. The Superintendent of Public Instruction in the latter State reports that "there is no State in the Union which pays more for education in proportion to her taxable property than is paid by Arkansas," and he calls attention to the significant fact that "this constant increase in our revenue is due to the district tax voted by the people. This constant increase is conclusive evidence of the increased interest in public schools, and of the fact that all prejudice is fast giving way, and public sentiment is outspoken in favor of public education."

The educational progress of Florida and Arkansas is not due to their exceptional wealth or prosperity, but simply to the fact that the dominant sentiment in those States became early impressed with the necessity of securing good schools, and that the people went to work to get them, without waiting to see if they might not get the necessary money from Washington. The example of Florida and Arkansas has done much to stimulate progress of late years in other Southern States which have been more backward, and they are constantly held up as models before the people of such States by their Superintendents of Education. Thus, Superintendent Palmer of Alabama says: "Florida, with taxable values amounting to only $86,000,000—much less than one-half of ours—pays for public schools $447,000," being more than Alabama has raised up to last year. Superintendent Finger of North Carolina shows that, if all the school expenditures were raised from tax on property, the rate would be only thirty-one cents in North Carolina, against fifty-nine cents in Florida and sixty cents in Arkansas.

The plea that the South is too poor to provide good schools can no longer be urged. The whole Southern press is constantly celebrating the rapidly growing prosperity of all that section. The New Orleans *Times-Democrat* showed last September that the assessed wealth of the South, which was only $2,164,792,795 in 1880, amounted to $3,759,053,367 in 1889—an increase of almost 75 per cent.; while the value of agricultural products had risen from $611,679,048 to $868,979,523, and of manufactures from $315,924,000 to $651,202,000, with a growth of railroad mileage from 17,808 to 36,686. No wonder that, after such an exposition of the progress of the South in material prosperity, Southern people are growing disgusted with the talk about their being still "impoverished by the war" and too poor to support their schools. The Louisville *Courier-Journal* vigorously expressed the prevalent feeling when it said not long ago: "The Southern people are becoming weary of the assertion that they are too poor to educate their children. It is not true, and it is not creditable."

The evidence that the South is able to support her schools, and that the readiness to support them grows with the ability, has caused nearly all of those who once favored Federal aid to oppose any attempt to carry out this project now. The New Orleans *Times-Democrat* well expressed the feelings of many such people in the South when it said it had been "shown that if the Southern people will really exert themselves, they can solve this problem. After calling, like the carter, for Hercules for years, we have discovered that, if we put our shoulders to the wheels, we can get our cart out of the ruts." This change of attitude has been most striking in the case of those educators who are especially devoted to the elevation of the negro, among whom Gen. S. C. Armstrong of the Hampton (Va.) Institute is most conspicuous. He was formerly a supporter of the Blair bill, but has come to oppose it strongly, on the ground that the South does not now need such aid, and that under such circumstances the aid would do more harm than good.

The passage of the Blair bill now would simply promote mendicancy. Left to themselves, the Southern people are building up school systems of which they are proud. As the Savannah *News* has put it, "the more the schools cost, the more they will be appreciated." But if the Federal Government were now to interfere, as the *News* says, "the people would feel less like taking money out of their pockets to support them." Moreover, the inevitable effect of receiving assistance from Washington temporarily would be to make the Southern people feel that they must have such aid permanently. As the Charleston *News and Courier* says, the proposed plan is only a makeshift, and "would leave the States and the schools in a worse condition than they are at present or ever have been since the system of public schools was established." At the end of the eight years "the States would find it to be impossible to get along without Government crutches, and we should have the mendicant policy of education fastened upon the country for eighty years or for ever."

The sober second thought of the nation condemns this scheme. The leading educators and newspapers of the South earnestly protest against it. Nor has the project any more strength at the North than at the South. The representative journals of both parties condemn the bill, and it has hardly an advocate of any sort left in the press. This rejection of the bill by public sentiment should be reflected in its rejection by the Senate. At first it passed that body by a vote of three to one. In the last Congress it secured only ten majority, so that a change of five votes would have prevented its passage. This year there ought to be a good majority against it. Its further agitation only harms the cause of education in the South. Much greater progress would have been made if it had never been heard of. The Macon *Telegraph* declares that "there is no doubt that the movement to improve our schools, now so well under way, would have become effective sooner but for the prospect that the school funds of the States would be increased by Federal appropriations." Let not the Congress of the United States any longer put such obstacles in the way of Southern schools.

MR. LOWELL ON BEHALF OF THE MODERNS.

IN another column will be found a short account of the recent convention of the Modern Language Association at Cambridge. The chief attraction of the meeting was the ad-

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dress of James Russell Lowell, who has been for some time and continues to be the President of the Association. The general spirit of the occasion was purely scientific, but a formal public address by Mr. Lowell is a literary event which may properly claim our attention by itself.

The speaker began by recalling the fact that when he last stood before a university audience, it was at a festival of a college founded to perpetuate sound learning chiefly through the instrumentality of the Latin, Greek, and Hebrew languages. Among the founders of Harvard were doubtless many who thought that nothing written in any living language could itself live. Latin was for them the only "infallible pickle." Thence came the predominance of the classics in the older education, and the contempt in which the modern languages (if they were ever heard of at all inside college halls) were held by both students and teachers. "I confess," said Mr. Lowell, "that I was a great while in emancipating myself from the formula that prescribed the Greek and Latin classics as the one true church of culture outside of which there can be no salvation. I am not sure that I have wholly emancipated myself even yet." The speaker then dwelt for a while upon the value of the old formula, its historical import to mankind, and the tenacity with which it clung to life after its exclusive claim had been discredited by the upspringing of a new modern literature of no less power and vitality than the old. He disclaimed any intention of renewing the "Battle of the Books," and did not wish to be understood as in any sense undervaluing the old classical culture; but on this occasion "he held a brief for the modern languages, and was bound to put their case in as fair a light as possible."

Mr. Lowell next proceeded to consider the benefits of literary study in any foreign language, whether ancient or modern. To know another literature than that of one's own tongue, he urged, broadens the mind, enlarges its range of comparison and strengthens its judicial faculty. The usefulness of translation was touched upon. Through the effort to translate we first really learn the secret of the word we have been using all our lives, and are gradually made aware that to set forth even the plainest thought as it ought to be set forth is a very difficult thing, and, moreover, an affair of conscience. In fine, translation helps us to a right feeling for style in the deeper sense—the style which is not merely the form, but the very life, of literature. It is to style in this sense that we give the name of genius, that "insoluble ingredient which kindles, lights, inspires, and transmits impulses to other minds; which awakens in them energies hitherto latent, and makes them startlingly aware that they too may be parts of the controlling purpose of the world." "The day will come," Mr. Lowell continued, "when it will be understood that the masterpieces of all languages are not to be classed by any arbitrary standard, but stand on the same level by virtue of being masterpieces; that the poets of all climes and ages sing to one clear lute in many keys, and that the masters of prose in whatever tongue teach the same lesson and exact the same fee."

In concluding, the speaker said that he rejoiced in the progress of modern philology, but held that philology, good as it is in itself, should lead to something better, namely, literature. The blossoms of language should not be neglected for their roots. He deprecated, too, the setting of ancient and modern literature over against each other as adversaries; rather should the feeling prevail that each can be fully understood only in the light of the other.

"What I urge," said he, "is that no invidious distinction be made, as sometimes used to be and sometimes is, between the ancient and the modern to the disadvantage of the latter, but that students should be encouraged to take the course in modern languages as being quite as good in point of discipline as any other, if pursued with the same thoroughness and to the same end; and that end, as I have said, should be literature, in which alone language attains to a full consciousness of its power, and the joyous exercise of it. It is only through literature that we become complete men; for there, and there only, can we learn what man is and what man may be. For it is nothing else than the autobiography of mankind."

This epitome reflects as well as an epitome can the general drift of the address. To its style our report does but meagre justice. We have quoted from the best of the reports in the Boston papers, but this only gives here and there an adumbration of the captivating literary workmanship which delighted those who heard the address. It was a classic of its kind, and some of its phrases, we dare predict, will prove to be lastingly "pickled" for future use. It is not hard to imagine our epigoni in some remote generation as exercising themselves over the authorship of the "quotation," "Dante was a genius, and language courtesies to its natural king."

If we were to animadvert upon any point in the address as one that might bear putting in another light, it would be Mr. Lowell's antithesis of philological and literary study. We do not mean by this merely an objection to the use of "philological" as a synonym of "linguistic," though there are certainly reasons for liking Prof. Whitney's broad definition of philology as "that branch of knowledge which deals with human speech and all that speech discloses as to the nature and history of man." But whether we understand philology to include all that pertains to literature or not, is it not better to refrain from pressing the antithesis of literary and linguistic study? Is it not better to insist that the study of literature and the study of language are not two studies whereof the one is nobler than the other, but one and the same study, the worthiness of which depends upon the spirit in which it is carried on? Mr. Lowell's intention was, doubtless, to raise his voice against that which he long ago characterized as the *teredo* method—that is, against the scholarship which becomes absorbed in the letter that killeth, to the neglect of the spirit which giveth life. There is always a certain timeliness in this admonition. Beyond doubt the highest benefit that can come from the study of literary records is the getting of information such as can be related to life for the making of better and fuller men. Still, the truth is, that whether any particular line of study is capable of being so related or not, depends not so much upon any peculiar dignity inherent in the nature of the facts dealt with, as upon the character of the man who deals with them. Darwin breeding pigeons, Grimm puzzling at old German manuscripts, and Carlyle fuming over the rubbish-heaps of Dryasdust, were *teredos* to many who saw them at it, but they are imposing enough in the retrospect. Do we gain anything by conceiving literature as the soul, the essence, of which language is the body, the form? Is it not nearer the mark to say that literature *is* language, and that the student of it in any of its aspects has a right to feel that the pursuit of accurate philosophic knowledge, whatever be the field of his special interest, is one of the noblest of vocations, and that it is simply his own fault if he allows his better self to be submerged and smothered by his material?

NORMAL SCHOOLS IN SPAIN.

It was in 1839 that the normal-school system of Spain was founded. Beginning with the Central of Madrid, in that year, the establishment of such schools went on steadily throughout the provinces till 1849. Since that date things have remained nearly stationary. From two recent articles on the subject by Don Nícolas Díaz Pérez in the *Revista Contemporánea*, it appears that at the present day the number of normal schools for the training of male teachers is forty-seven, leaving but two provinces unprovided for, and for women teachers thirty-three. They are supported by the central Government at a cost—we quote from the estimates for 1889–'90—of $187,965. Up to 1886 the provinces themselves had paid the expenses of their own normal schools; but a decree of April 30, of that year, brought them all under the care and direction of the Government at Madrid. Something like one-quarter of the sum named above is expended on school appliances; the rest goes for the salaries of teachers.

As may easily be inferred, the remuneration thus provided is far from being luxurious. Great inequality and much apparent unfairness are displayed in the assignment of stipends to teachers who are supposed to be in the same grade and doing the same work. This is particularly true of the normal schools for girls. Thus, the head of one such institution receives the munificent salary of $150 per annum, and her assistants correspondingly less. From that amount the income of a directress of a normal school for females varies up to $1,000, the highest. There is more uniformity in the cases of the male professors. The law of public instruction fixes the salary of a director of a normal school of the first class at $600, and of the second and third classes at $500. Their assistant teachers receive from $350 to $400. So far the law, which is certainly in itself not calculated to throw a glamour about the life of a teacher; the salaries, in fact, remain precisely as they were in 1857, although the general scale of living and of earning has meanwhile advanced considerably. But the

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law in Spain is subject to as much twisting and manipulation, and for the same reasons, as with us, and the professors with a "pull" are the ones to find their salaries strangely increased, and their exorbitant demands for "general expenses" promptly granted. Those not so happily circumstanced have, of course, to take the resulting pinch of economy, while all, owing to the frightful condition of the Spanish Treasury, often have to wait months for even their meagre stipends.

Spain's entire budget for education is painfully small, only $1,500,000 for everything — primary schools, normal schools, State Universities, and all. Yet it is estimated that two-thirds of the population are illiterate. It ought to be remembered, however, that a vast number of ecclesiastical schools, of all classes, exists without direct pecuniary aid from the Government. Nevertheless, in all together, public and private, no more than 1,769,602 scholars were registered in 1880. Even that number represents a gain of 300 per cent. since the establishment of the normal schools, and their advocates point with proper pride to such a result.

The course of study in the normal schools is, according to Señor Pérez, in a very chaotic condition. Strictly, they are still under rules devised in 1849, slightly modified by a law of 1857, and this fact alone is enough to prove that they are behind the times. But things are not everywhere so bad as they might be supposed from this, since independent initiative has done a good deal, in some places, to remedy a defective law. The two great normal schools in the capital, for example, display much teaching abreast of the best in any country. But there is crying need of a thorough revision of the whole system, with unification of the instruction given, and the introduction of modern methods.

Unfortunately, the reform proposed by the Government is in the direction of the suppression of a large number of the schools outright. The Count de Xiquena, Minister of Public Instruction, has recommended that sixty-one of the normal schools be abolished. He would leave but twenty in existence outside of Madrid. His argument is that the latter number, advantageously grouped and brought into relations with the universities, would be ample for the educational needs of Spain. It is not a motive of economy that actuates him, he maintains, but a desire to give a better equipment and efficiency to a few schools in the place of supporting four times as many to so little purpose. Probably neither the Count nor the straitened Administration would be averse to the saving of expense, which their political opponents allege to be their only aim; but they will find it almost impossible to get the provincial Deputies to consent to the abolition of local institutions in which the people take as much pride as they do in the normal schools.

RECOLLECTIONS OF ROBERT BROWNING.

ROME, December 17, 1889.

BY the death of Browning a circle of his old friends in Rome is sadly and unexpectedly bereft. He had, indeed, enthusiastic admirers in Italian circles. The Queen of Italy studies his poetry, and knows much of it by heart. The King feels that Browning belongs, in a sense, to this country, and has expressed his sympathies to the family. But Browning's English and American friends feel as if some near relative were lost. Lord Dufferin, the English ambassador here, and Lady Dufferin—who has made her début as an authoress—and the Stillmans, and the Storys, who were just rejoicing that Browning had returned to Italy, can hardly feel these skies so bright and kind as they shine on the grave of Browning. It was but a few weeks ago that Mr. Story, the sculptor, was rambling with him at Asolo, through the by-ways where dear "Pippa" passed. Mr. Story tells me that Browning seemed to preserve an immortal youth. "Fifty years ago," he said, "I rambled here, and wrote the poem, and now I have returned to see it again." "It is all beautiful," said his friend, "but will you please show me Pippa?" "I wish I could," said Browning; "Asolo is here, the Bishop's palace remains, but the girls —are gone!" As Mr. Story was about to drive away, Browning bent his face into the carriage window and said, "More than forty years of friendship, and never a break."

Although Browning was seventy-seven, he sat in the sunshine of life, like the old king in his poem, so happy, so beloved, that there seemed no reason he should ever die. But two weeks ago a friend of mine saw him in his box at the opera in Venice, listening to "Mignon," and a picture of serenity between his American daughter-in-law and a pretty young lady visiting her. One of his friends, however, Dr. George Bird of London, discovered at the close of November that all was not right. He was in a small company invited by Mr. and Mrs. Curtis, American residents in Venice, to hear Browning read some of his new poems, and on the following evening dined with him. After dinner Browning, in his merry way, boasted of his health and held out his pulse. Dr. Bird tells me that he discovered at once that degeneration of the heart had set in, though he did not so inform his friend. There is reason now to suspect that the two flights of stairs by which he had to mount to his rooms in his son's superb Palazzo Rezzonico were not helpful in his case. "Give me the happy man!" He who so wrote was happy to the last. Death did not touch him painfully. Shortly before his death a telegram from London came, telling him of the large subscription sales of his new volume, and the fine reviews. He smiled and said, "We have much to be grateful for." Notwithstanding his humorous remark to Dr. Bird, this new volume, and especially its epilogue—brave as pathetic—indicates a feeling that it would be his last word to the public. He wrote his own epitaph in the last line of the book: "Speed—fight on, fare ever. There as here."

Italy may well mourn. She has lost a constant lover, and one in whose development she may claim a large share. The blue sky bending over us to-day, while more northern regions are snowy and foggy, shines on his finest pages. He once told me, in England, that he missed some of his lyrical fire. Perhaps the sombre sky and sterner aspects of human life to which he had returned had something to do with it. His optimistic muse could not be so confident in London, and had to preach a good deal about the problems of Evil. It was comparatively easy to take the rosy view of Italian affairs, in which he was always deeply interested. He regarded the triumph of Italy as assured, and offended the Mazzinists—who are still irreconcilable—by exclaiming, in a circle of them at my house in London, "Poor Mazzini!" It must have been with a sense of relief that he left the embittered political atmosphere in England for his peaceful retreat in Venice, selected (a Roman paper states to-day) because of the great sorrow associated with Florence. But Florence mourns him, and, although a decree prohibits further burials where his wife lies, it is possible that an exception might be made in his case were it not understood that England will claim his dust for Westminster Abbey.

I enjoyed Robert Browning's friendship during many years, and have many letters from him; but I am far away from my papers at this moment, when I cannot forbear writing about him. When I first knew him, twenty-six years ago, he was living in Delamere Crescent with his father, sister, and son. The father was a notable man. Dante Rossetti always contended that there was something Semitic in Robert Browning's handsome countenance, and the fact that his father had been a clerk of the Rothschilds added plausibility to the supposition. The family were, of old, Congregationalists in creed, but the elder Browning, as I remember, did have a slightly Jewish complexion. It was an old family; the original name, Browning told me, being De Bruni. The old gentleman's brain was a storehouse of literary and philosophical antiquities. He was completely versed in mediæval legend, and seemed to have known Paracelsus, Faustus, and even Talmudic personages personally. He was modest with his learning, a perfect gentleman. Browning in those days petted a white owl, which his son had found somewhere. His memory lingered fondly in Florence. One day he went over with me carefully his wife's Bible, in Hebrew and Greek, containing her marginal notes and retranslations from both languages. "Think of such learning!" he said. He gave me some manuscripts to be sold in America for the benefit of the freedmen. One was the wrapper of some old MSS. on which was written, in his own hand, in Greek, Ἐνικῶμεν ὡς ἐβουλόμεθα. "Yes," he said, "we conquered as we wished." This was long before the honors heaped on him at Oxford (which fairly adopted this son of University College, London) and elsewhere, and, indeed, he was then but little read or admired. He used to talk much of the Hawthornes, who had lived near him in Florence, of Motley, of Margaret Fuller. From her plague-stricken ship poor Margaret had written his wife a letter. "It was so foul and blurred when it reached us that we could make out very little, and burnt it." By Emerson he was charmed. Carlyle was his constant friend, and when the Queen desired Dean Stanley to introduce Carlyle to her, Browning also was invited.

Carlyle loved to talk of Browning. He told me of their first meeting. He was riding on Wimbledon Common, I think, when this "beautiful youth," walking there alone, stopped him and asked for his acquaintance. The marriage of the Brownings was a well-remembered romance in the house at Chelsea. Miss Barrett had sent Carlyle her early poems, in manuscript, and the rhyme-hater at first discouraged her, *suo more;* but when he found that she was hopelessly couch-ridden, and furthermore fairly imprisoned by a tyrannous father, "whose lightest word stood out as a law of the Medes and Persians," he thought it fortunate that she could so beguile her days. Robert Browning received, as it were, his summons to her side in two lines of "Lady Geraldine's Courtship." The lady and her lover culled

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"—from Browning some pomegranate which, when
cut deep down the middle,
Showed a heart within blood-tinctured with a veined
humanity."

I have not the poem beside me, and if I misquote, it is not half so badly as Carlyle did, who, I remember, raised Mrs. Carlyle's wrath by saying, "She compared him to a nectarine"! Browning, he said, had as much difficulty in making his way into the house as the knight who found Sleeping Beauty amid her thorns. And the effect was much the same. Elizabeth Barrett had not left her sofa for years, but now rose up, and followed him to Marylebone Church, and then to Florence, and through many years of happiness. He was "beautiful," Carlyle said, and had flowing black hair, although for so many years he has been so blonde.

When William Johnston Fox, M. P., died, it became my duty, as his successor in the ministry of South Place Chapel, to give an address concerning him. I consulted Browning, to whom Mr. Fox had been an early and useful friend. Mr. Fox was editing the *Monthly Repository* when Browning's first poem, 'Pauline,' appeared (1835), and was the first to recognize that a new poet had risen on the horizon. Subsequently, several of the earlier poems appeared in that magazine. Mr. Fox selected some lines from 'Paracelsus' as a South Place anthem:

"I stoop into a dark, tremendous sea of cloud:
It is but for a time: I press God's lamp
Close to my breast: its splendors soon or late
Will pierce the gloom: I shall emerge some day."

The lines were set to music by Eliza Flower, organist at South Place, "who had real genius," said Browning. He had been impressed by the eloquence of Mr. Fox (famed as the Corn-Law orator), and preserved affectionate memories of the memorable sisters of South Place Chapel, Sarah and Eliza Flower—the first of whom wrote, and the latter set to music, the hymn "Nearer, my God, to Thee" (whose heretical origin is so little known). But Browning, friendly as he was to thinkers of all views, had no scepticism in his nature. His picture in 'Christmas Eve' of the philosopher in the wretched conventicle with the vulgar worshippers—the woman with the horrible men next him—choosing, nevertheless, to fix his place there, has much truth in it. He was a pretty faithful attendant at a small and poor chapel, though the congregation were more respectable than that of the poem. He was a close listener and rather critical. On one occasion the minister preached a rather rhetorical sermon on "Nature," and, happening to meet him, Browning said, very pleasantly: "Your sermon might have satisfied me better had you, instead of describing Nature, told us the impression Nature has made upon *you*." The story was told by the minister himself, not by Browning.

Browning's "orthodoxy" brought him into many a combat with his rationalistic friends, some of whom could hardly believe that he took his doctrine seriously. Such was the fact, however; indeed, I have heard that he once stopped near an open-air assembly, which an atheist was haranguing, and, in the freedom of his *incognito*, gave strenuous battle to the opinions uttered. To one who had spoken of an expected "Judgment Day" as a superstition, I heard him say: "I don't see that. Why should there not be a settling day in the universe, as when a master settles with his workmen at end of the week?" There was something in his tone and manner which suggested his dramatic conception of religious ideas and ideals. At times his conversation had to my ear a tinge of the Swedenborgian idea of "Correspondences." In his excellent introduction to the spurious Shelley letters, he speaks of that best-beloved of his poets as representing the "Correspondency" between nature and the divine. But Browning's religion is too large and intricate a theme to be here discussed.

No American who knew Browning can write of him without remembering his cordiality for Americans. He met those who brought him letters of introduction with open arms. He enjoyed many of our writers, admired our ladies, and liked our sparkling Catawba—to which I had the pleasure of introducing him in the old days when Longworth made wine fit for any poet's palate. Not even memories of book-piracy could induce him to abuse America. During our Civil War he expressed to me surprise that the North had not identified its cause more fully with emancipation. It was at a time when abolitionists in America were complaining in the same way. He was much disgusted at Carlyle's diatribe, "Ilias in Nuce," and described it to me as "grinning through a horse-collar." I remember, by the way, asking him at that time whether he had in mind any particular person when he wrote 'The Lost Leader.' He said, "It was an idealized portrait of Wordsworth."

Most of my conversations with him were on walks. It was his custom to take a long walk at about five o'clock every afternoon, and, like Carlyle, he preferred the crowded street to the parks. When I called on him for one walk, he had just been visited by the poet whom he had celebrated as "Waring." After so many years of absence, Waring had returned with a fortune made by sheep-grazing in New Zealand, and bringing an enormous poem. Browning then told me the exact circumstances of the youth's disappearance, and I was astonished to find how little they were embellished in the poem which strikes so many as especially romantic.

I regret that I have not at hand some of the letters which I received from him. One is engraved on my heart. When I came from the fresh grave of a son, I found a letter from Browning, in which he said: "If I, who cannot, would restore your child, He who can, *will*."

MONCURE D. CONWAY.

FLORENCE, December 18, 1889.

MR. BROWNING arrived in Venice with his sister, from Asolo, a day or two after our arrival. The chief object of his visit (which, as I learned from him would be a short one, as he said he had much work to do in London) was that his son might finish a portrait of his aunt begun some time before—a companion portrait to one he had painted of his father.

I was privileged to see much of him during my stay in Venice (the latter part of October and the early part of November), visiting him at the Palazzo Rezzonico, and being visited by him a number of times. He was then engaged in reading the proofs of 'Asolando,' and in other literary work, devoting thereto a number of hours daily. In addition to this, he walked much—generally, he told me, two hours every day—and went frequently in his gondola, with his sister, to the Lido, a favorite resort with him. Though in his seventy-eighth year since last May, he stepped more briskly than most men do in the prime of life, and his look, like that of the poet described in his "How it Strikes a Contemporary," went everywhere. I walked with him one day "where St. Mark's is," and had to accelerate my usual pace, which is not slow, to keep along with him. He called my attention rapidly to this and to that interesting feature of this world-renowned place, and told me much of its strange history.

In the centre of the lofty ceiling of the room occupied by him, in the Palazzo Rezzonico, in which he slept and wrote, and in which he died, is the painting by his son of an eagle struggling with a serpent, illustrative of a passage in Shelley's 'Revolt of Islam.' It is on a canvas about six feet square, but it has the appearance, when looked at from the floor, of a fresco. It was originally designed, as I have understood, to be placed on the ceiling of a room in another palace in Venice which Mr. Browning once thought of buying—did buy, in fact, and pay for; but a difficulty afterwards arose, in regard to the title to the property, and the money was, after some legal action, returned. No more appropriate painting could have been over the poet, in his last days, than this. It is a fitting symbol of his voluminous poetry, in which, from the earliest to the latest, his soaring spirit holds and maintains the mastery over what strives ever to overthrow man in his weakness, as the eagle, in the picture, with beak and talons, holds and maintains the mastery over the struggling serpent.

The Palazzo Rezzonico is one of the most imposing on the Grand Canal, and it is also one of the most beautifully located, being a short distance above where the Canal abruptly turns to the east, at which turn the beautiful Palazzo Foscari is situated (once occupied by the Doge Francesco Foscari). It was built partly in the seventeenth and partly in the eighteenth century, and belongs, therefore, to the more modern of the Venetian palaces. It was once occupied by Cardinal Rezzonico, who succeeded Pope Benedict XIV. as Clement XIII. in 1758. Mr. Barrett Browning has had the frescoes on the walls and ceilings and other decorations restored to their original beauty. The stairways are among the finest in Venice, and the rooms and halls are of grand proportions. The statuary in the halls and elsewhere, and the large and elaborate chandeliers in the ball-room, date back to the earliest occupancy of the palace.

Mr. Browning made his last visit to us at our hotel on the day we left Venice, the 7th, I think, of November. He came between ten and eleven o'clock, and remained until near the time of our leaving for the one o'clock train for Bologna. I never knew him to be more communicative and cheery. He told us much about himself—about Asolo, where he wrote, or prepared for publication, the poems contained in his last volume, 'Asolando,' in the dedication of which, to Mrs. Arthur Bronson, he says: "I unite, you will see, the disconnected poems by a title-name popularly ascribed to the inventiveness of the ancient Secretary of Queen Cornaro, whose palace-tower still overlooks us—Asolare: 'To disport in the open air, amuse one's self at random.' . . . . I use it for love of the place, and in requital of your pleasant assurance that an early poem of mine first attracted you thither, where and elsewhere—at La Mura as Cà Alvisi—may all happiness attend you!"

This last little volume was not the last in his mind then, for he talked as if he looked forward to many more years of productive work. My wife remarking that he could not be accused of letting his talents lie idle, he replied:

"It would have been quite unpardonable in my case not to have done my best. My dear father put me in a condition most favorable for the best work I was capable of. When I think of the many authors who have had to fight their way through all sorts of difficulties, I have no reason to be proud of my achievements. My good father sacrificed a fortune to his convictions. He could not bear with slavery, and left India and accepted a humble bank office in London. He secured for me all the ease and comfort that a literary man needs

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to do good work. It would have been shameful if I had not done my best to realize his expectations of me."

I give his own words as nearly as I now remember them.

We referred to the historical palace which his son had bought for his home and was beautifying. "Yes," he replied, "it is a grand edifice, the palazzo, but it is not a place *I* should have bought. It is too vast." He expressed the hope that his son would not allow himself to be swallowed up in it. He showed a pride in what his son had done in art—spoke of his daughter-in-law as a happy choice his son had made in marriage—of his long courtship before he secured her affections. My wife remarked that Mrs. Barrett Browning had shown herself to her as quite content with making Venice her permanent home. "Yes," he replied, "when Barrett proposed it to her, she said she would go with him anywhere—to the Fejee Islands, if he liked, and," he added, with a merry twinkle in his eye, "Venice is certainly preferable to the Fejee Islands, isn't it?" He told us much of interesting out-of-the-way places in his beloved Italy, which tourists know nothing about; of what discoveries he used to make in his wanderings; of neglected and unknown pictures, and other works of art, etc.; spoke particularly of his visit to Pisa, with Mrs. Browning, in the early period of their married life; described the house and its situation where they had rooms. "When you pass along there," he added, "you must look up at the house, and think of us."

The talk turned upon Shelley. He showed himself the careful literary man (which many people have not thought him to be) in what he said of the text of Shelley's poetry; mentioned a number of errors (quoting readily, at the time, the passages in which they occurred) which he had pointed out in it when a certain edition was going through the press (I don't remember the edition he alluded to); spoke of Mrs. Shelley as having but very little understanding of her husband's poetry, as was shown in some of her readings and notes; spoke particularly of mispunctuations and other defects in the text of the "Ode to a Skylark." I asked him about the verse in the ode which is sometimes printed, "Like an embodied joy whose race is just begun," and sometimes, "Like an *un*bodied joy." He replied, "Oh, 'an *em*bodied joy,' certainly; 'an *un*bodied joy' is nonsense, in its connection." In his allusions to other poems he showed, by his ready quotations, how intimately he knew his favorite poet.

The talk turned upon Shakspere. He spoke of the strangely limited range of reading which even habitual readers of the dramatist give to the plays. They read, perhaps, "Macbeth" and "Hamlet," "The Merchant of Venice" and "Lear," and "Othello," and "Julius Cæsar," but know nothing about "Timon of Athens," "Troilus and Cressida," "Cymbeline," and other plays. Of "Titus Andronicus," he said he could find nothing of Shakspere in it—the whole play was in utter violation of his spirit and his art. He spoke of talks he had had with his friend James Spedding, the editor and biographer of Lord Bacon — the opinion which Spedding had expressed that the composition of the plays of Shakspere was entirely outside of Bacon's powers, great as those powers were of their kind. If, Spedding said, any doubt could be maintained of the authorship of the Shakspere plays, that Bacon could not have written them was an absolute certainty. He alluded to the complete demolition of Ignatius Donnelly's 'Cryptogram' by the Rev. Dr. Nicholson of Leamington, England—"if, indeed," he added, "it needed demolition."

A servant announcing that the gondola was waiting to take us to the railway station, he arose suddenly from his chair, bade us a cordial good-bye, with a "God bless you both," saying as he hastened off, "Now be sure to come and see me, next May, in London. You'll remember where my little house is, near the Kensington Gardens"—and was gone! We little thought then we should see him no more in this world.

HIRAM CORSON.

TENDENCIES IN ENGLISH ART.

LONDON, December 18, 1889.

THOUGH in London the number of picture exhibitions with something worth looking at in each is large at almost all seasons, it is not often that three as interesting as those now to be seen at the Royal Academy, the Fine Art Society's, and the Goupil Gallery, are held at the same time.

As representative of the best side of the English art of to-day, first notice should be given to the exhibition, in one of the rooms of the Fine Art Society, of sketches and studies by Sir Frederick Leighton, Mr. Alma-Tadema, Sir James Linton, and several other prominent English painters. It would be useless here to describe this collection in detail; it includes chalk and crayon studies of the figure and of drapery on white or tinted paper, many of which are quite equal in execution to the work of the same kind of the old men. For one of the strangest facts about English art is, that artists who are not great as painters excel as draughtsmen. Many of these studies are simply masterpieces, and yet every year the large exhibitions testify to the weakness of the men who produced them. Twenty-five or thirty years ago Sir Frederick Leighton, chiefly in his illustrations for Dalziel's Bible, and Sir James Linton, in his work for *Once a Week* and the *Graphic*, showed themselves to be leaders of that school of English draughtsmen whose published drawings have not been approached in more recent times by any Englishman. One can but wonder why they gave up so entirely work in which they were and still are, as these studies prove, masters. Even the black-and-white reproductions of their paintings, the success of which depends almost altogether upon the drawing, are often far more satisfactory than the same pictures when seen in color.

Take, for example, the photogravure by the Berlin Photographic Company of Sir Frederick Leighton's "Captive Andromache"; in it the beauty of the composition, the masterly drawing, the knowledge revealed, strike you at once; yet the painting was one of the most unsuccessful Sir Frederick has ever exhibited. It is almost impossible to explain why this should be so, yet the fact is not to be disputed. Even Mr. Alma-Tadema, in his exquisite little studies for the "Roses of Heliogabalus," which must be counted one of his failures, shows that the shortcomings of this picture were certainly not due to his drawing. The only artist here represented whose work is really weak is Mr. E. Burne-Jones, and the weakness of his draughtsmanship is unfortunately all the more emphasized by contrast with the vigor of the surrounding drawings, while it is unredeemed by evidence of that sincerity of motive and search for beauty which Mr. Coffin (in the *Nation* of October 10, 1889) thinks is expressed in his painting, despite his curious methods. But Burne-Jones is an exception, and the collection of studies is of the utmost interest because it shows wherein lies the real strength of the English art of to-day, weak in only too many other respects.

For the outlook in the future of this art one naturally turns to the two days' exhibition at the Royal Academy, made up of studies, pictures, and statues of students competing for prizes. As this is the year when the gold medal and the travelling studentship are awarded, it is only natural to conclude that the work contributed is the very best of which the students are capable. Perhaps I might as well state at the outset that this latest exhibition is in no way exceptional, but fairly represents the average for the last six or eight years. A collection of work more wholly commonplace one would have to journey far to find. In the paintings of the historical subject—an "Episode of the Deluge"—for which the travelling studentship is the reward, the drawing is bad, the color worse, the perspective weak; but more hopeless than these positive bad qualities is the dreary commonplaceness of conception and execution. Of course, you do not want to find in the work of a pupil the completeness or cleverness of a master, but you do look for some signs that he has thought for himself, that he has some little artistic sense, that he has something to say for which he feels paint is the best medium, and not that he has taken up painting simply because it is a fashionable profession which holds out promise of a golden harvest for the successful.

And no less hopeless is the awarding of the prize: the only picture which shows a faint suggestion of something better has been passed over for one in which there is but a weak reflection of the work of the weakest English imitators of Favretto and De Blaas. And it is the same in the landscape rooms. Among the pictures of "Morning" competing for the Turner prize, two or three, though without decided originality, at least suggest that the painters have endeavored to look and see things for themselves; but the medal has been bestowed upon quite the most trivial composition in the room—a badly drawn barnyard filled with impossible light, and painted in the glaring chromo style so popular with the British public. The studies of figures and heads intended to win a prize would not, with few exceptions, have admitted students to the school of the Beaux-Arts. The cartoons are, if anything, worse, and this is all the more to be wondered at since the Royal Academicians whose marvellous drawings are now at the Fine Art Society's, are supposed to be masters in the Royal Academy schools.

Much has been said at times as to the inefficiency of these schools. That they cannot be compared with those on the Continent, or even in America, is frequently pointed out; and certainly students rarely, if ever, come to them from other countries, while all the leading English artists, in fact the leading Academicians—Sir Frederick Leighton, Alma-Tadema, Herkomer—owe nothing to Royal Academy training. The radical fault may be in the methods of teaching; and, indeed, when it is considered that students in the painting classes are one month under the instruction of Mr. Tadema, the next perhaps under that of Mr. Frith, or Mr. Marcus Stone, or Mr. Horsley, or other men whose style and methods are equally opposed, it is not surprising that the results of their academical studies are so wanting in style and quality. This seems the more likely since, at the exhibition, the only work of students which evinces the least life or character is the sculpture; and the sculptors among Academicians and Associates are few in number, and include such artists as Mr. Onslow Ford, Mr. Alfred Gilbert, and Mr. Hamo

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Thornycroft, who have really the opportunity to bring their influence to bear upon students and to make their own strong individuality in their art felt, and the results here are remarkably good.

Of the theories of art that prevail at Burlington House, Sir Frederick Leighton's speech on the evening of the distribution of prizes was an interesting expression. It was one of the long series of which Sir Joshua Reynolds's discourses are still the most notable, and its subject was Spanish art. It was learned and scholarly, as is all the work of Sir Frederick; so much so that, according to the London papers, his audience could not follow him. But if this were so, perhaps it was as well, for as he himself has always sought in his art to carry out what he would call the idealistic traditions of the past, his one objection to the great work of the Spaniards—of the moderns he had not a word to say—was its realistic tendency, though that tendency led to the wonderful portraits of Velasquez and the scarcely less wonderful beggar boys of Murillo. To dwell on idealism to students when in art the terms idealism and realism are after all synonymous, to extol the poetic side of classic myth far above the beauty of intimate daily things, is apt to make them think what they see of too little importance—what they imagine, of too much. If the subject of the cartoon competition had been a female figure draped instead of *Lady Macbeth* in the sleep-walking scene, I doubt if one room at the Academy would have been hung with such abortions.

That which gives the third exhibition in the Goupil Gallery just now special significance is the fact that it shows the work of a set of young Englishmen who care for and paint only what they do see, who rely solely upon their eyes and mistrust the powers of their imagination. Only ten in number, and as yet almost unknown even in England, they call themselves the London Impressionists. Impressionism, in its modern sense, is generally understood to mean the rendering, after long and continuous study, of a transient event or occurrence, which, though it may be repeated frequently, only lasts for a few moments at a time. This is the impressionism of Degas's "Ballet-Girls" and Whistler's "Fireworks," of Cazin and Besnard, of Jean Béraud, and De Nittis. But as the London Impressionists give their own definition of the term, it is only right to explain that by it they mean the acceptance of beauty as the sole legitimate aim of a picture, and the going to nature in search of it. For the return to nature has been, as it probably ever will be, the gospel of all artists who have endeavored to infuse new vitality into art, from the days when Cimabue and Giotto broke away from Byzantine tradition, to these latter times when Pre-Raphaelites made a virtue of journeying into the country to get backgrounds for their pictures. But what puzzles the sentimental story-loving British public is, that the London Impressionists believe they find this beauty, not in religion or mediævalism, but, with Mr. Sidney Starr, in a tired shop-girl or on the top of a London omnibus; with Mr. Walter Sickert, in the music-halls; or with Mr. Theodore Roussel and Mr. Paul Maitland, in the public-houses and plumbago works of Chelsea. But, though they prefer what Sir Frederick Leighton calls intimate daily things, these men refuse to be considered realists, since they disclaim any wish to record anything merely because it exists; and, in the academical interpretation of the word, they cannot be called idealists, since they would never be willing to paint that which does not exist.

Fortunately their work has been seen before, chiefly at the New English Art Club Exhibitions, and its honesty and freshness have made it known to all lovers of good work. I say fortunately, because in this show the influence of Claude Monet over all but two or three, most notably over Mr. Wilson P. Steer, is so apparent that though the first article of their creed is, each to paint in his own fashion, they here seem but so many imitators producing work which contains the quality they, in the introduction to the catalogue, call false, arising "from an effort to achieve without sufficient knowledge an execution like that of some one else." Mr. Steer, who, when he chooses to rely upon himself, has a strong individual style of his own, has carried this imitation so far that he has even appropriated Monet's subjects, and one or two of his pictures might be mistaken for landscapes by the Frenchman which hung in this very same gallery last spring. But it is because they are artists keenly alive to all that is strangest and freshest and most expressive, not only in nature but in art, that they have fallen so completely under the spell of Monet, whose influence is spreading over the entire Continent. None of them wholly original in aims or methods, they have at least the no small merit of having freed themselves from academical shackles, and to them in a great measure one looks for whatever hope there may be for the future of English art—to them and to the Newlynites, the little group of earnest workers who have colonized St. Ives and other villages on the Cornwall coast. At the Royal Academy exhibitions nowadays it is to their work, to the pictures of Stanhope Forbes, the two Fishers, Adrian Stokes, or to such men as Mr. Simmons, an American who exhibits here, that one turns rather than to the paintings of Academicians. For the very men who are true to that realism which Sir Frederick Leighton condemns in Spanish artists, and who seek to show the beauty in the world and life of to-day, alone can redeem art from the dulness and commonplaceness into which it is fast sinking, or rather has already sunk, in England.

N. N.

Correspondence.

TARIFF REFORM.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The *Evening Post* of January 3 begins an editorial as follows: "Hearings on the tariff by the Committee of Ways and Means are usually monopolized by persons who want greater facilities for plucking the community. Every interest is presented except the public interest."

This seems to be put forward as a statement of fact and a sort of reproach towards somebody's negligence, whereas it is really an epitome of the way in which our whole Government is carried on, and of the whole tariff difficulty. We should never lose sight of this fact, that the public interest—that is, the nation—is absolutely unrepresented in Congress. There is no man in either house who can officially lift up his voice on behalf of the public. Every one represents a locality, either a State or a district, and if he takes upon himself to defend the public interest as against other localities, he is regarded by his fellows with contemptuous jealousy and as guilty of impertinence. At the same time he will get no thanks from the public, because all work is done secretly in the committees, and the public never see it at all. The little finger of his fellow-members is thicker than the loins of the public. We must remember, again, that the Speaker is elected by a party combination of localities—indeed, the party itself being made up in the same way; and the Speaker does and must pay his political debts by making up the committees from local representatives who have supported him. Is not the way fully prepared for the state of things described by the *Evening Post*?

Now approach the matter from the other end. Of course all private interests belong to localities. The capital they have embarked is so large that no money and no efforts are too great for them to expend to control legislation; and they find a state of things in Congress exactly suited to meet their wants. What chance has the public interest in such a struggle? The public cannot combine in any such way, cannot raise adequate funds or machinery; or, if they could, it would be of no avail against an organization so completely adverse.

The tariff leagues are trying to agitate public opinion by writings and speeches. It seems to me much like marching a large army towards Canada to resist an invasion from the line of Mexico. We have been pleading for ten years and more for free wool, and are apparently no nearer than at the beginning. How many centuries will it take to reform the whole tariff in this way?

I will quote here the closing sentence of an article in the *Nation* of January 2, which intensifies in the strongest manner what I have said: "In the presence of such a peril, the friends of lower tariff taxes will need to do something more effective than debate the relative advantages of internal and external taxes respectively, or discuss the relative orthodoxy of Mills or Randall."

What that something is or should be, is perfectly simple and clear. It is to set up, in the person of the Secretary of the Treasury, a representative of the public or national interest, and let him defend that side of the question in open debate on the floor of Congress; to take the whole business out of the secrecy of the committee-rooms, where negotiations are carried on between two sets of local and private interests, and transfer it to the open session of Congress, where the lobby will not have so complete a monopoly of the field; to place every member before the eyes of his constituents and the country in his attitude towards the national side of the question, and give him a chance to win reputation by defending it, and to give the public an opportunity to follow the development of the subject and its real bearing on the national welfare.

G. B.

Boston, January 4, 1890.

FROM AN UNEXPECTED SOURCE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Were you a resident of Philadelphia, you would of late have found much serio-comic encouragement for the cause of civil-service reform. Without going into the merits of the controversy, which, perhaps, has no merits, and does not concern you, it may be explained that one of our medical colleges, that had long been in undisputed control of the Philadelphia almshouse and hospital, suddenly awoke to a knowledge of the fact that members of other colleges had, by official action, been given a minority representation upon the medical staff of the institution. To a fair-minded and unprejudiced observer this would seem to have been a just and simple bit of equity and consideration. Not so to the friends of the bereaved. Immediately there arose such a chorus of moans and groans that one would have supposed the most

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hideous of crimes had been committed. Almost every paper has sent up such a continuous daily wail at the desecration of civil-service principles that it would have melted the heart of almost any Mayor except our own. It has been chanted and reëchoed that no private business could be carried on under such ruthless changes of management, and that his Honor had previously declared the almshouse to have been excellently managed, etc., etc.

This brings me to the point I started out to explain. Not a single leader-writer seems to have suspected the hollowness of his groans at civil-service destruction. It is still clear in the minds of us all that a certain one of our shopkeepers was last year commissioned to inquire into the criticised administration of the Philadelphia Post-office. He proclaimed that said office, under Mr. Harrity, had been exceptionally well managed, and that all criticism was without justification or warrant. In the topsy-turvy of political life the shopkeeper became Postmaster-General, and proceeded to turn Mr. Harrity out before his term of service had expired, in order to give the position to his political and personal friend. Did these high-minded journals and conscientious guides of public opinion whisper a word of blame for this reckless smashing of civil-service ideals? Perhaps the shopkeeper's $10,000 advertisement-writer might answer the question. But if a good cause is honored in the false worship of its hypocrites, one may still take courage from the wailings and gnashings that daily reach our ears from every editorial sanctum of our solemn town at the few physicians who humbly ask gratuitously to care for the sick poor. DEMOCRITUS.

PRESIDENTIAL ELECTORS ON THE AUSTRALIAN BALLOT.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In referring to the possible objections to the ballot law now in use in this State and proposed in New York, the daily papers often mention the difficulty a voter would have in choosing, among the names of the Presidential Electors, the right number, and those of the party to which he belongs.

It does not seem to be generally known that the Massachusetts law provides a different arrangement of these names. Section 10 of the act (chapter 413, acts of 1889) provides: "The names of candidates for each office shall be arranged under the designation of the office in alphabetical order, according to surnames, except that the names of candidates for the offices of Electors of President and Vice-President shall be arranged in groups, as presented in the several certificates of nomination or nomination papers. . . ." This makes it easy to mark all the names of any one party without in any sense interfering with the spirit of the law. W. S. A.

BOSTON, January 4, 1890.

TEACHING IN THE COLLEGES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: A few days ago I heard a group of college men, about ten years out, discussing the recent letter in the *Nation* on the subject of teaching in the colleges. They represented four colleges, three in New England and one in the South. All agreed that they had been better taught in secondary schools than in their colleges. Whether there be any general judgment to this effect I do not know.

Without doubt the teaching in secondary schools is stimulated by the competition into which their pupils must enter in going up for entrance examinations. Unless human nature be of a higher quality among college professors than among schoolmasters, a plan which would subject the work of the former to some immediate test of comparison would assuredly cause an improvement in their teaching.

If, for example, in a single State, or in a group of States intimately connected by geographical and other ties, there were a general examining board, composed of representative teachers and other capable men, which alone should have the power of conferring degrees, to which all candidates for degrees in the various colleges must apply, a healthy competition among the colleges would be created. Such a plan would have the additional advantage of giving a more definite value to the academic degrees. Good colleges, for their own protection against a debasement of standard, ought to coöperate in such a system, and if they should do so, colleges refusing to join the confederation would decline in reputation. J.

ST. LOUIS, December 28, 1889.

Notes.

SCRIBNER & WELFORD will publish in this country a volume containing three poems of Tennyson's, "To E. L.," "The Daisy," and "The Palace of Art," illustrated by twenty-two drawings by the late Edward Lear, Lear's portrait, and Watts's portrait of Tennyson. The reproductions are in photogravure, and each of the hundred copies printed for England and America will be signed by the poet.

Prof. Archibald Alexander's 'Theory of Conduct' and Dr. McCosh's 'Religious Aspect of Evolution' will be published this month by Charles Scribner's Sons.

Harper & Bros. will shortly publish Stanley's letters telling the story of the rescue of Emin Bey, with illustrations and route-map—a forerunner of the grand narrative which will be eagerly awaited.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co. are on the eve of putting forth 'The Diary of William Pynchon, of Salem,' a lawyer of the last century, edited by F. E. Oliver; 'The Bible and Modern Discoveries,' by the Rev. Henry A. Harper, an officer of the Palestine Exploration Fund; and a 'History of the Old South,' by Hamilton A. Hill. This house makes the important announcement of an exhaustive and authoritative work in preparation by Justin Winsor on 'Christopher Columbus,' being an examination of the historical and geographical conditions under which the Western Continent was disclosed to Europe, together with an inquiry into Columbus's personal history.

P. Blakiston, Son & Co., Philadelphia, have nearly ready a new illustrated book on 'Massage and the Swedish Movements,' by Kurre W. Ostrom. Apropos of this, we may mention the appearance on our table of a translation into Swedish of the article "Massage" in the 'Reference Handbook of the Medical Sciences' (Wm. Wood & Co., 1887). The author of the article is Dr. Douglas Graham of the Massachusetts Medical Society, and the translator who boldly carries coals to Newcastle, Nils Posse. The pamphlet is published in Lund, Sweden, by C. W. K. Gleerup; in Boston, by Carl Schoenhof.

Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati, publish directly 'Fort Ancient,' the great prehistoric earthwork of Warren County, Ohio, by Warren K. Moorhead of the Smithsonian Institution; and a 'History of the Girtys: A Life Record of Three Renegades of the Revolution,' by C. W. Butterfield.

An English edition of Mr. David A. Wells's 'Economic Changes' is to be brought out by the Messrs. Longman.

The late Prof. W. F. Allen had nearly completed, at the time of his sudden death, an edition of the first six books of the 'Annals' of Tacitus, which he was preparing for the "College Series of Latin Authors." The whole work, with the exception of the indexes, was in type, and his revision of the proofs, though incomplete, has left little for the editors of the series to supply. The book, it is hoped, may be published in a few weeks by Ginn & Co., Boston. Prof. Allen was admirably qualified, by his sound historical scholarship and his intimate acquaintance with Roman political institutions, for editing Tacitus. His view of the character of Tiberius, of which he had made a special study, deserves and will command attention.

The British Record Society has recently been formed to continue the work of the Index Library, which, during the last two years, has published several indexes to English records of peculiar value to genealogists, among them being indexes to Northamptonshire and Rutland wills, Lichfield wills, Berkshire wills, chancery proceedings, royalist composition papers, etc. The Society will commence work with the new year, and has issued an attractive programme, which includes Derbyshire and Gloucestershire records, besides an important new calendar to Sussex wills. The Society is supported by the Bishop of Oxford, Sir James Hannen, the President of the English Probate Court, and a strong committee of publication. The annual subscription is one guinea. Intending members in America can communicate with either of the local secretaries, Mr. W. H. Whitmore, P. O. Box 3478, Boston, Mass., or Mr. R. A. Brock, Richmond, Va. The English secretary is Mr. W. P. W. Phillimore, 124 Chancery Lane, London.

An effort is making to obtain more subscribers to the proposed Oriental Translation Fund II., and Mr. H. H. Howorth, Prof. T. W. Rhys-Davids, and F. F. Arbuthnot have been appointed a committee to that end, as well as to prepare a list of texts and translations in readiness for the starting of the Society. The annual subscription fee is £1, and adhesions may be addressed to Mr. Arbuthnot, at 18 Park Lane, Piccadilly, London.

The *Green Bag* concluded with the last year its first volume, which, bound up, makes an uncommonly handsome appearance (Boston Book Co.). It has justified its sub title as "a useless but entertaining magazine for lawyers" only in the case of the second epithet, for the profession must take a real interest in the accounts of the several law schools of the country, and in the lives of distinguished jurists, which have been among the prominent features of the year's editing. The portraits alone are enough to give a permanent worth to the volume, and we would suggest a special indexing of these and the other illustrations hereafter. Chief-Justice Fuller, Lord Chief-Justice Cockburn, Judge Lemuel Shaw, Jeremiah Mason, Rufus Choate, Sidney Bartlett, Judah P. Benjamin, are some of the most notable full-page plates; while the past glories as well as the present corps of instructors of the law schools are frequently portrayed in the text—*e. g.*, Joseph Story and John Norton Pomeroy. The monthly bill of fare has included, for the dessert, the retelling of a *cause célèbre*.

Volumes v. and vi. of *Scribner's Magazine* recall a goodly quantity of entertainment and instruction during the past year. The railway articles had not ceased, preparatory to their reappearance in a volume by themselves, be-

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fore the electrical series began. The chief serial in fiction has been Stevenson's "Master of Ballantrae." Our readers will also remember Prof. Trowbridge's original paper on photography; Mr. Eugene Schuyler's on Tolstoi; Mr. Prout's on Emin Bey's whereabouts, since only too sharply defined; and Mr. Henry Drummond's on the great scourge of the African slave trade.

The lapse of twenty years has brought us so much nearer to a Columbian centenary that Mr. B. F. De Costa has thought it timely to put out a second edition of his 'Pre-Columbian Discovery of America by the Northmen, with Translations from the Icelandic Sagas' (Albany: Joel Munsell's Sons). It was, in its original conception and execution, a useful work, and it has been considerably enlarged in the editorial portion, as was inevitable in view of the discussions and discoveries of the past two decades. We miss, in the note on the old mill at Newport, a reference to what has been printed in the *American Architect* on the subject, and Prof. Horsford may feel aggrieved that his partisanship on behalf of the Northmen goes unrecognized by Mr. De Costa, who, by the way, identifies Norumbega with Nova Scotia. Our author stands by Leif Ericson as an historical personage and pre-Columbian voyager to New England, and approves of his Boston statue; and he is entirely in disaccord with Mr. Winsor, who holds that "there is not a single item of all the evidence" that attests archæologically the presence of the Northmen south of Davis's Straits. With regard to this critic, we think Mr. De Costa quite too formal and remote in only alluding to him in a footnote, and revealing him in the index.

A. C. McClurg & Co. add two pretty volumes to their series of "Laurel-Crowned Tales" in reprinting Johnson's 'Rasselas' and Laboulaye's 'Abdullah, or the Four-Leaved Clover'—the latter in Miss Booth's translation, by arrangement with the Messrs. Harper.

A contemporary document of some interest and novelty is the 'Story of the Dockers' Strike,' by H. Llewellyn Smith and Vaughan Nash (London: T. Fisher Unwin). Sidney Buxton, M.P., who furnishes the introduction, regards the late strikes in the East London docks as having given an enormous impetus to the extension of old and the formation of new trades-unions. This he calls "perhaps the most important and satisfactory resultant," as tending to prevent strikes and lock-outs.

Why certain diseases, such as smallpox, measles, scarlet and typhoid fevers, generally grouped as zymotic, so seldom attack the same person the second time has never been satisfactorily explained. The procedures now collectively known as vaccinations, after the Jennerian operation, affording immunity against smallpox and rabies in man, and against anthrax and chicken cholera in the lower animals, are equally inexplicable. The most generally received explanation for both the natural and the artificial conditions has been that the disease-cause is a ferment, and that, once introduced, it exhausts the material within the system; hence there is no succeeding disease. Mr. Eusebio Güell Bacigalupi, a Spaniard, has proposed a novel explanation, which reaches us in an English translation, by Dr. R. F. Rafael, from the second French edition, of 'Immunity through Leucomaïnes' (J. H. Vail & Co.). Starting with the fact that the excreta of all organisms are poisonous to the excreting body, he assumes that the infecting bacteria die, not from starvation by using up their pabulum, but by being poisoned by the outcome of their own existence. To these products of elimination through the vital functions of micro-organisms the author applies the name leucomaïnes, first used by Wurtz to cover both the organic bases of putrefaction and those produced by living animal tissues. And he believes that it is the accidental introduction of these leucomaïnes, not the presence of the attenuated microbes, that gives immunity. The hypothesis is ingenious, and has elements of probability, but as yet it has not been demonstrated clinically nor in the laboratory.

The infinitesimal plants that we are beginning to know as bacteria have found a genial historian in Dr. T. M. Prudden, whose 'Story of the Bacteria' (G. P. Putnam's Sons) opens to the ordinary reader a fair insight into an underworld more wonderful than any fairy realm. Out of its invisible depths have been drawn, so lately that they still are curiosities, the evil agencies that cause various dire diseases, and this little volume explains, in plain and acceptable speech, how these germs are cultivated for study, how they probably work their mischief, and some reasons why we are not all daily victims to their ubiquity. When the author asserts (p. 91) that "to-day we know that Asiatic cholera is caused by a little curved bacillus," he is probably in advance of the fact. One German school does so teach, but equally qualified observers are not sure which is cause and which is effect. But his statements in all other respects seem to be up to the last advance, and his comments on such practical subjects as consumption, bacteria-laden ice, and the impurities of water are worthy of careful reading. This is a scientific book, not written down to popular taste, but popularly written and well worth a popular reception—despite an occasional lapse of style, as where (p. 5) the amœba "crawls off on its own hook"; "hook" being a figure of speech and not a microscopic attachment.

In the September number of the *American Journal of Archæology*, the American School of Classical Studies at Athens furnishes the two leading papers, viz., on the excavations at the theatre of Sikyon, and on the discoveries in the Attic deme of Ikaria. The plates of the first named include a photograph of the mutilated colored statue of a youth.

To the number of the *Revue Illustrée* for December 15, M. Coquelin contributes a paper on "L'Art du Comédien," which has already been read in English in an American magazine. In the French review will be found all the drawings made for *Harper's* by M. Duez, and many more by M. Vibert, M. Madrazo, M. Friant, and Mme. Madeleine Lemaire. There are in all thirteen portraits of M. Coquelin in different characters and twenty-one of other actors. We may note that the portrait of Mr. Irving really represents him as *Vanderdecken*, and not (as its legend declares) as *Hamlet*.

The *Bulletin* of the French Geographical Society contains an account of the Structure and Origin of the Banks of Newfoundland, by T. Thoulet. It is accompanied by a chart and several bathymetrical and geological maps, constructed from French Government surveys made in 1886. The other papers are on the Khmer ruins in Cambodia, and the first exploration of the valley of the Ogoway on the west coast of Africa, made in 1862 by M. Serval and Lieut. du Bellay. The gold medallist of the Society for 1889 was Lieut. Caron, who explored in a steamer the upper Niger from its headwaters to Timbuktu.

At a recent meeting of the Royal Meteorological Society, an interesting paper was read by Mr. Marriott, discussing the distribution of days in which thunder-storms occurred throughout England and Wales, from 1871 to 1887. The years of greatest frequency were 1880, 1882, 1884, and 1872. Those of least frequency were 1887, 1874, 1879, and 1871. The average yearly number of thunder-storms is about 39. The south of England and the extreme northern counties are most frequently visited by these storms, and Cheshire, Lancashire, and Yorkshire the most seldom. July is the month in which the greatest number occur, and the least in February and December.

In 1890 will occur an annular eclipse of the sun, June 16–17, in which the central line passes through northwest Africa and southern Asia; a partial eclipse of the moon, November 25–26; and a total eclipse of the sun December 11, in which the central line lies wholly in the Antarctic Ocean. A partial eclipse will be visible in Australia and New Zealand.

During 1890, too, several comets of short period will return to the sun. Among these is Brorsen's comet, the period of which is so nearly five years and a half that the perihelia fall alternately in the spring and autumn. When the return takes place in the spring, the conditions for observing are more favorable, and, as the perihelia may fall in February, 1890, good observations are hoped for, more especially as this comet was missed at its last return in 1884. Its orbit approaches very closely that of Jupiter; and at intervals of ninety-five years the comet encounters the planet, making a decided change in the orbit. The last time this approach occurred was in 1842. Before that time the comet's motion had been hyperbolic, but was then changed to the elliptical form in which it now moves. This proximity will again take place in 1937, when the comet will probably resume its former curve and become lost in space. Denning's comet, D'Arrest's comet (which also was not seen on its last return), and Barnard's comet, of whose orbit further discussion is much needed, will likewise return to perihelion.

A copy, in twenty-one volumes, of the collection of the engravings of Roman antiquities by the eminent engraver of the last century, Piranesi, comprising 1,501 subjects from the Roman ruins, sculpture (antique), and paintings of the great Italian masters, is offered to the public. It was the presentation copy to Gregory XVI. As there is not probably in existence another such copy, and the impressions are all in first-rate condition or proofs, it is worth the notice of some of our great libraries. It belongs to Dr. J. G. Van Marter, Rome.

—The most noteworthy article in *Harper's* is a pleasantly written paper upon American Art. It begins with a sketch of the life of Thomas Cole, and describes with some detail the home of this artist on the Hudson, his manner of work, and the life of the students under him or in the neighborhood. The same locality later became the haunt of the American Pre-Raphaelites, and with a notice of them the paper concludes. The larger part of the number is occupied with foreign topics and fiction. The Russian Army is elaborately described, and the narrative lighted up and made more interesting by a number of anecdotes of the conduct of the soldiers upon the march or in battle. Jamaica is the subject of an artist-travel paper, well illustrated with sketches, by Howard Pyle. The Smyrna Fig Harvest and St. Andrew's University are next treated of, with several striking cuts. Nothing else calls for mention, unless it be a paper upon horseback riding by women, which is devoted to advice upon all points connected with the subject.

—The *Atlantic* begins the new year with Mrs. Deland's new novel, "Sidney," making the third striking serial now running in this

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magazine, and giving, with Miss Jewett's excellent short story, a full allowance of good fiction. The miscellaneous papers are of inferior interest; one upon the Pension Office is valuable for its statistical views, and one upon John Dickinson revives a notable Revolutionary reputation. The longest is upon Milton's obligation to Avitus, and is somewhat rambling and spun out. It is no new thing to learn that 'Paradise Lost' was written by some other and much more obscure person than the great Puritan, but when brought to book the evidence is not convincing to those who are familiar with the common material of literature, and the normal amount of coincidence to be found in all great writers treating the same theme. It appears that Avitus had been used by other precursors of Milton, and had helped to shape the legend of Paradise in its extra-Biblical form. It seems probable that Milton knew the poem, but it is by no means certain from any proof here given. The coincidences are certainly too slight to sustain a case of real obligation, and, in fact, the parallelism between Avitus and Milton seems to lie most often in their common indebtedness to the classics. Dr. Holmes returns to his serial, "Over the Tea-Cups," which was broken off some months ago, and discourses, in his accustomed vein of pleasant reminiscence, upon old age; at the end he gives a new poem.

—The *Century*, like the other magazines, requires but brief mention. The leading article, by Miss Edwards, introduces us to the find at Bubastis, and is most valuable for its cuts, in which we see the sculpture for the first time. Mr. Jefferson continues his autobiography with much detail in regard to the old theatres and the life in them. Daumier, the caricaturist, is the subject of a sketch which is made the occasion for reproducing several bits of his characteristic work. The Lincoln biography rehearses the familiar story of the death of Lincoln. The two semi-religious papers are upon the Family and the Gradual Nature of Revelation, and both of them contain valuable suggestions in a temperate form. James Bryce, a portrait of whom opens the number, is made the subject of a biographical sketch, in which his political life is but scantily treated, but his literary and scholastic achievements are justly characterized.

—The last number of the *Zeitschrift für Biologie* contains Sophie Handler's paper giving an account of her investigation of the reduction of the oxygen of the blood on its passage through the heart. She establishes the fact that it is not the work done by the heart, but simply the number of beats, irrespective of the resistance to be overcome, that determines the amount of oxygen used up. This result, which seems strange at first, becomes very natural when it is remembered that in each contraction of a muscle certain chemical changes first set free a definite amount of force (dependent only upon the condition of nutrition of the muscle), and if this is not all used up in performing the contraction, it can only be wasted—there is no possible means of recovering it or of storing it up. The experiments which show this were exhibited (on the heart of the turtle) before a meeting of the Scientific Society at Berlin a few years ago. The discussion applies, of course, only to those muscles which work automatically.

—We hear on good authority that Trübner & Co. have in hand and will soon publish an English translation of Prof. Leopold von Schroeder's 'Indiens Literatur und Cultur in historischer Entwicklung.' This book appeared first at Leipzig in 1887, and is perhaps the very best history of Sanskrit literature that has been written. It is full and accurate, and, moreover, very interesting, being in this regard in marked contrast to the dull and heavy work of Weber on the same subject. The book was reviewed and highly praised by Oldenberg in the *Deutsche Rundschau* in September of the year 1888. As Prof. von Schroeder is possibly less known in America than some of his fellow-Sanskritists, it may be worth while to say that he holds the chair of Sanskrit in the University of Dorpat, and is the author of several books. More or less outside of his own special line of study, he has written upon Esthonian customs, upon Buddhism, and upon philological questions. The first part of his book 'Griechische Götter und Heroen' is a really good discussion of the possible derivation of the name "Aphrodite" from the name of an older deity, from which also some minor Sanskrit divine beings take their names. This treatise was highly praised by Kuno Meyer, who has himself done work of the same sort.

— The recent convention of the Modern Language Association was, even aside from Mr. Lowell's address elsewhere spoken of, a highly interesting and helpful meeting. About eighty scholars and teachers were in attendance, the most of them naturally from New England and New York, though the Western and Southern States were also thinly represented. The proceedings were indicative of the fact that a growing number of well-trained young scholars are devoting themselves to high-class work in modern philology. Of the papers read upon the first day, in accordance with the programme already printed in these columns, that of Prof. Francke of Harvard, upon "A Forerunner of Bunyan in the Twelfth Century," probably excited the most general interest. It was followed by an animated discussion relative to didactic poetry and fiction. The introduction to Dr. Primer's paper upon the English of Fredericksburg, Va., and its vicinity, seemed to promise an interesting account of local survivals from a remote past; in reality, however, the paper showed rather how thoroughly the various levelling influences that are all the time at work upon American pronunciation have done their work. There proved to be but very few of Dr. Primer's Virginia localisms which were not entirely familiar to members of the convention from other parts of the country.

—On the second day it was thought best to combine the general session with the phonetic and pedagogical sections. Mr. Melville Bell, President of the Phonetic Section, delivered an address upon the importance of phonetic science —a matter which, we should say, philologists of the present epoch are in no imminent danger of forgetting. An excellent paper was read by Prof. Grandgent of Boston, describing a method of vowel-measurement which, if experience proves it generally practicable, will do much to free that subject from the uncertainties resulting from individual peculiarity and doubtful nomenclature. In the Pedagogical Section Prof. Joynes of South Carolina read a suggestive paper, of which the general thesis was that college students should be required to read very much more French and German than they now read, to the end that they may learn to love such reading and so may keep it up after they leave college. We fear the proposed remedy is inadequate. The mass of college graduates do not keep up the reading of good *English* literature, though the language is familiar to them.

VON HOLST'S HISTORY.

The Constitutional and Political History of the United States. By Dr. H. von Holst, Professor at the University of Freiburg. Translated from the German by John J. Lalor. 1856-1859: Buchanan's Election—End of Thirty-fifth Congress. Chicago: Callaghan & Co. 8vo, pp. 352.

Dr. von Holst's sixth volume covers only a little more than two years, but they are years that count for a great deal in the political history of the country. They include the last session of the Thirty-fourth Congress and the whole of the Thirty-fifth: the end of Pierce's Administration and the first half of Buchanan's. In these three sessions of Congress came the full development of Douglas's doctrine of "squatter sovereignty" and its consequences; the insane effort of the Administration party to force the Lecompton Constitution upon Kansas; the Dred Scott decision of the Supreme Court; the rise of Lincoln as a political leader through the Lincoln-Douglas debate; the split in the Democratic party by reason of the refusal of Douglas and his followers to accept the iniquity of forcing slavery into Kansas by means of the Lecompton Constitution and without submitting it to a popular vote.

Those of us whose memory goes back to the Kansas struggle may find the author's treatment of these topics calmer and more judicial than we expected; for it is hard to keep down the hot indignation which everybody but the partisans of slavery extension then felt against all who did not openly denounce and oppose the audacious wrong. The blood tingles again, even at the historical recital. Von Holst's treatment of these chapters will doubtless seem vigorous enough to men of the younger generation and to European readers; though he makes liberal allowance for the honesty of prominent actors, when it is possible to do so, by giving fullest consideration to their education, habits of thought, and partisan zeal.

The volume opens with the victory of the Democratic party in the election of Buchanan, though he received only a minority of the actual vote cast. The success had been won upon the specious platform of popular sovereignty, in which the repudiation of the Missouri Compromise had been sugared over with the pledge that the people of the Territory should themselves decide whether it should be a free or a slave State. If the game had been fairly played, it is quite possible that Douglas's doctrine might have been accepted by a majority even of the Northern States. The faith in the superior vigor of free-State communities and in their better adaptation for planting new colonies, made many men willing to trust to a free competition for the new Territories if the balance were steadily held by the national Government, and immigrant slave-holders would honestly abide by the risk that their slaves would be freed if a majority of the settlers in any Territory should choose a free-State constitution on its admission as a State. The ultimate result would not have been changed, for we can now see that slavery was inevitably doomed, because it was contrary to the progress of the age and essentially hostile to modern civilization. There was, however, plausible reasoning in the contention of the more liberal Douglas men that the teeming free communities of the North might swallow the wrong of the repudiation of the Missouri Compromise, might accept the competition in the creation of new States, and beat the slave-power at its own game. To this extent there was worldly wisdom in the squatter-sovereignty doctrine, as it tended to make the more

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timid and conservative classes at the North acquiesce in the Southern aggression, in the faith that time would bring things even.

Leading politicians of the South themselves began to fear that Douglas's doctrine would prove a gift of the Greeks. Looking about for the means of making their victory fruitful, the Dred Scott case in the Supreme Court was utilized for the purpose of bringing the weight of that great tribunal to bear upon the political question. If the reverence for its decisions which was so nearly universal among the people, could be made to reinforce all the other influences which checked the growing anti-slavery sentiment of the North, new and strong vantage ground would be gained. Especially would this be so if, besides justifying the repeal of the Missouri Compromise on the ground that it had been unconstitutional, the Court should take the further step of declaring that the fundamental law secured the right of property in slaves to every slave-holding immigrant who entered the Territories not yet admitted as States. This was exactly what was done.

Von Holst's handling of this part of the subject is both judicial and strong. He recognizes the fact that judges are determined by the same mental and moral forces as other men. Their early associations, their education, their political predilections, their standards of right and wrong, are not changed when they are appointed to the bench, and they must needs view all questions through the medium thus created. It was neither strange, nor in itself morally reprehensible, that the convictions of a lifetime in regard to such a matter as that of asserted property in slaves, should show themselves in the judicial opinions of the eminent lawyers who formed the Court, if questions involving those convictions were fairly before the Court. Because the common sense of the people clearly recognizes this fact, it is often more logical than the perfunctory advocates of judicial independence, in drawing the conclusion that the Court, even of last resort, may be overruled by a settled popular judgment, and the Court may rightfully be brought into harmony with the spirit of the age by changes in its *personnel* as vacancies occur. This also is what was ultimately done in the Supreme Court on the question of slavery.

The author very clearly points out the broad difference between a popular acquiescence in the judgment in a case and acquiescence in the doctrines of the judgment. Buchanan was quite right in expecting the people of the United States to acquiesce in what the Court should do with Dred Scott. He was quite as plainly wrong in expecting them to acquiesce in the contradictions of history and extravagances of sophism on which the judgment was based. They would enforce the judgment, but they would reform the Court. This became at once a proper political issue because the decision was a political one.

The cumulation of historical evidence enables Von Holst to assert with positiveness that the Supreme Court had agreed upon the decision of the Dred Scott case on grounds of jurisdiction alone, and had appointed Justice Nelson to deliver the opinion, the same which he subsequently gave as his dissenting opinion. By remanding the case to the Circuit Court, to be dismissed there for lack of jurisdiction, the suit would be disposed of and Scott would be left where the judgment of the State court had placed him—a slave. This would have left untouched the political questions of the constitutional protection to slave property in the Territories and the power of Congress to exclude it. In this juncture Justice Wayne moved that the scope of the decision be reconsidered, and that the Court pass upon the political questions which were agitating the country. He has left it clear that he did this for political effect, to settle, as he vainly hoped the Court's decision would settle, the public ferment on the Territorial question. The determination of the Court to do this made mere *obiter dicta* of the only important things in their opinions. They attacked questions which they had before agreed were outside of the case, for a political effect, and only more fiercely embroiled the strife they had hoped to allay.

Von Holst also very neatly points out the sophism of their plea that it was the custom of the court at times to decide all questions argued in a case, for the guidance of the court below. This cannot apply to the case of Dred Scott, for if it were dismissed for lack of jurisdiction, the Circuit Court *could* have no further need of guidance in regard to it. To say that the points thus decided were to guide the courts in *future* cases would be the plainest confession that the decision was *obiter*—an academic political address in the guise of a judicial opinion.

The curiously inconsistent attitude of Buchanan in regard to submitting the Lecompton Constitution to the popular vote is brought out with equal certainty of touch. Both personally and through Cass as Secretary of State, the President had assured Gov. Walker that he would be sustained in insisting that that Constitution should not be imposed upon the Kansas people except by their consent freely given by a popular vote upon it. Buchanan had himself written Walker, "On the question of submitting the Constitution to the bona-fide resident settlers of Kansas I am willing to stand or fall." Two things became notorious: first, that the Lecompton Constitution was framed by a convention elected by invaders of the Territory, most of whom never had or pretended to have a residence in it; and, second, that the "bona-fide resident settlers" would surely vote it down with practical unanimity if it were submitted to a direct and fair vote.

Southern politicians (not without protest from fair men among themselves) now insisted that Kansas should be immediately admitted as a State under this pro-slavery instrument. The President surrendered and joined his power and influence to theirs, while the Mississippian Walker threw up his Governorship in disgust, rather than be party to so dishonorable a breach of faith. Then came the election of a new Legislature, demonstrating the overwhelming majority of the free-State men. The lower house of Congress began to show the influence of growing indignation in the free States, and an admission without any pretence of a popular vote was defeated. The subterfuge known as the English bill was adopted, and a bribe of a large land grant was offered to the Territory if it would organize under the hated Constitution. Kansas rejected the proposal by a vote of over 11,000 against 1,700. The battle was won for freedom, though the people were yet for a time remanded to the condition of a Territory.

The author does not neglect the subordinate questions of the time, but devotes a chapter to the economic crisis of 1857, the Mormon question, and the Clayton-Bulwer treaty. Throughout the whole he keeps fully alive the feeling with which his readers have followed him through each successive volume. Our wonder grows that a foreigner, whose visits to the country have been not greatly prolonged, could so well master not only the philosophy of our Government and the broader characteristics of the struggle over slavery which has been the great constitutional question of our history, but also the subtler shades of character, and the limitless mass of facts, the study of all of which is necessary to a comprehension of our national development. The book is sure to remain an eminent authority in general history.

Believing this of it, one is forced to add that it is a great pity the translation is not more satisfactory. Such a book deserves to be rendered into lucid and idiomatic English. The American reader ought never to be made to pause a moment in doubt of the author's meaning. His thoughts may give reason for hours of profitable pondering, but the words should be no hindrance to fullest understanding of the thought. Instead of this, the translation is mechanical and careless. Long sentences which, in the German, may rightly develop the meaning through numerous modifying clauses, are rendered into strange complications of part and of phrase abhorrent to every good English standard. Errors in idiom abound, and it is a duty to say that hardly a page is free from glaring faults. To make the book really useful to ordinary readers, or at all satisfactory to any, a thorough revision of the translation is, from a literary point of view, a necessity.

MRS. STOWE.

Life of Harriet Beecher Stowe. Compiled from her letters and journals by her son, Charles Edward Stowe. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1889.

THIS is a subscription book, and while its externals generally are of much better quality and in much better taste than those of most books of its class, it has, in common with these, the generous margins and expansive letter-press which make a little much. The contents of this bulky octavo of 530 pages could easily have been compressed into a duodecimo of as many or fewer pages, and so have been a much more convenient book to read and much more likely to be read by many who would appreciate it most heartily—poor people who read 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' with great joy and pain, and some for whom it was preëminently written. But this is not the final life of Mrs. Stowe. There is as much room as ever for a brief popular life of her, and the "American Men of Letters" series, which has already taken in one noble woman, will certainly, some day, find Mrs. Stowe a place, if only for that critical estimate of her writings of which there is here nothing from the biographer and only a very little in the letters of her friends.

Mrs. Stowe has been an invalid for many years, but from her introduction, which is given in facsimile, it is evident that Miss McCray's 'Life-Work of the Author of Uncle Tom's Cabin,' which we lately noticed, grossly exaggerated the failure of her mind. The introduction, though brief, is happily conceived, and one who has been ever "valiant for truth" might well choose for her last public words the words of him so named in Bunyan's allegory of the Christian life. The introduction was written September 30, 1889.

There is little in the account of Mrs. Stowe's childhood and youth which has not been made familiar by the biographies of her father and her brother, Henry Ward. Of her father we are told next to nothing. The picture of her mother, Roxanna Foote, is so beautiful that it is easy to believe all the praise her husband and her children gave her was not more than she deserved. She died when Harriet was less than four years old, and Henry less than two, and he not the youngest of the eight, of whom the oldest, Catharine, came in with the cen-

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tury. There were finally thirteen of Lyman Beecher's children, and they were never all together in one place until 1838, when there was a family reunion in Cincinnati. The impression given of the second wife is much less forbidding than in the life of Henry Ward. A composition on the Immortality of the Soul, written by Harriet at the age of twelve, is printed in full. Soon after, we are told, her child-life in Litchfield ended. It must have ended some time before, if she spun it all from her own brain. Let us trust she did some royal borrowing.

Religion may not be designed to make our pleasures less, but it has frequently that operation. It had with Harriet Elizabeth Beecher (this was her baptismal name). One Sunday her father forgot his theology and preached a religious sermon. Straightway his little girl imagined herself converted, and was very happy—so happy, and the thing had come about so naturally and easily, that her sister Catherine and others thought there must be something wrong about it, and they soon succeeded in making her as miserable as they could desire. She remained so for several years, tortured by spiritual doubts and questionings. In this connection we learn that Catherine was the inventor of the Beecher theology of her generation, common to her and Harriet and Henry Ward—Christianity the revelation of a suffering God. During her father's Boston ministry she made his acquaintance as she had not done before, and when he went to Cincinnati in 1832, as President of the Lane Theological Seminary, she went with him, engaging herself as principal assistant of Catherine in a contemplated female college. Here was her home for the next eighteen years. They began in ill health and depression; they continued in poverty and anxiety and over-work. From all those years we get the impression of an arduous, worried, and unhappy life. There were alleviations in the love and children that came to her with her married life, which began in 1836; her husband, Calvin E. Stowe, being a professor in her father's theological school. There was diversion in her literary labors—stories for the annuals of those days, a volume of which, 'The Mayflower,' was made up in 1843—and in a literary club whose members were, in several instances, persons of some intellectual prominence. Salmon P. Chase was one of them.

Her first knowledge of slavery on its own ground, and apparently the last, was in 1833, when she visited a Kentucky plantation which became Colonel Shelby's in 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.' At the time, she showed no interest in the peculiar institution, and not much at any time before the passage of the Fugitive-Slave Law. A very singular omission is that of any mention of the secession of the abolitionist students from Dr. Beecher's Seminary—a matter of such intense interest to the whole Beecher family that Harriet's moral relation to it ought, it would seem, to have had some indication. At the time of the Cincinnati pro-slavery riots her husband was abroad, and her letters to him are burdened with the matter. Of the abolitionists she is critical, and her treatment of them is unsympathetic and remote. Thus, in 1837, at Putnam, Ohio: "Abolition being the fashion here, it is natural to look into its papers." In 1839 she had a slave-girl as a servant in her house when her master was in search of her. She was spirited away in the night by Prof. Stowe and H. W. Beecher, and this incident furnished 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' with one of its most thrilling episodes.

In 1842 Prof. Stowe's prophetic soul divined the future of his wife with clear intelligence. Yet at this time she had done nothing to justify his prevision, and there was no immediate fulfilment; sickness and the mutiplication of children accounting for this, perhaps, sufficiently. It may, however, well be doubted whether she would ever have done anything considerable if she had not been greatly stirred. Her husband wrote to her:

"My dear, you must be a literary woman. It is so written in the book of fate. Make all your calculations accordingly. Get a good stock of health and brush up your mind. Drop the E out of your name. It only encumbers it, and interferes with the flow and euphony. Write yourself fully and always Harriet Beecher Stowe, which is a name euphonious, flowing, and full of meaning. Then, my word for it, your husband will lift up his head in the gate and your children will rise up and call you blessed."

Yet the meagre answer to this summons for the next nine years was a few additions to 'The Mayflower' and a tract, 'Earthly Care, a Heavenly Discipline.' She should have known whether it was so or not. She had had enough of it, and to spare. The spell of general misery was broken when, in 1849, Prof. Stowe received a call to a professor's chair in Bowdoin College. The salary was to be only $1,000 a year, but the sickness of Cincinnati had become a horror which must somehow be escaped. The moving brought great burdens upon Mrs. Stowe, and soon after her arrival in Brunswick she was "really glad for an excuse to lie in bed." It was a good excuse, the birth of her seventh child, with whom in arms she wrote 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' so giving to the little college town a literary distinction compared with which its other honors pale.

The writing and the publication of 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' were certainly the most brilliant and affecting episode in Mrs. Stowe's career. The chapters which reflect it will be read by many who will let the others go. They are not what we should expect; it cannot be that they are what they might have been. They are singularly thin and tasteless to the appetite that reckons on a feast. Nothing could be more meagre than the account of slavery and the anti-slavery agitation on pp. 141, 142. What absurdity to say that "No stronger utterances against this national sin are to be found anywhere than in the letters and published writings of Jefferson, Washington, Hamilton, Patrick Henry"! On p. 142 we read, "From the time of this [Missouri] compromise till the year 1833 the slavery agitation slumbered." Lundy is spoken of as beginning his work after the West India emancipation of this year, when in fact his labors were well-nigh over. Certainly Mr. Stowe should have known that Garrison began the publication of the *Liberator* in January, 1831, and that 1832 was the year of his assault on the Colonization Society. On page 146, Edward Beecher is made to stand alone in Boston among the ministers as opposed to the Fugitive-Slave Law; this in a letter from Mrs. Stowe to her sister, but without editorial correction. But Theodore Parker, James Freeman Clarke, and John T. Sargent are strangely overlooked—perhaps because they were non-evangelical. The passage is interesting as one of many showing what is, indeed, the most remarkable feature in the life of Mrs. Stowe—her intellectual and moral unpreparedness for the task she was so soon to take in hand. Her literary work up to this time had been inconsiderable in quantity and its quality had not been at all remarkable. There was nothing in her letters to suggest a literary gift, though there was much to suggest a literary ambition. They were too literary in their intention, too wilfully entertaining, to be good private letters, but the "'prentice hand" was visible in almost every line. For letter-writing, by the way, Mrs. Stowe never at any time had a real gift. Letters on matters of great public interest she could write, in her maturity, with good effect. Her private letters generally lack simplicity and spontaneity. Her lack of special intellectual preparation for her task comes out clearly in her letter to Frederick Douglass, after she had begun 'Uncle Tom,' in 1851, asking him for information concerning cotton plantations, of which she has no personal knowledge. She has a paper written by a Southern planter, but wants something from another point of view. She thinks Henry Bibb, a runaway slave, might furnish it. It is no wonder that Southern critics found the book lacking in local truth and color. The wonder is its failures were so few.

The lack of moral preparation was not less conspicuous. Living for eighteen years next door to slavery, and, as it were, in the first station of the underground railroad, if she had any deep interest in the matter during those years, her biographer has kept it out of sight. Apparently she waited, as did many others, for the Fugitive Slave Law to wake her sleeping heart. Even then it was through another's eyes that she saw the horror of the situation. The facts did not appeal to her till Edward Beecher's wife in Boston brought them home to her in a succession of letters full of the misery and shame of the fugitive renditions, ending at length with: "Now, Hattie, if I could use a pen as you can, I would write something that would make this whole nation feel what an accursed thing slavery is." When Mrs. Stowe, reading the letter aloud in the little Brunswick parlor, came to this, she stood up, crushing the letter in her hand, and said: "I will write something. I will if I live." That was her vow, and greatly was it kept.

The death of Uncle Tom was the first chapter written. That came to her like a vision, at a communion service, in February, 1851. "A man never rises so high," said Cromwell, "as when he knows not whither he is going," and Mrs. Stowe made good the saying. When she began to publish 'Uncle Tom' in the *National Era* on June 5, 1851, she had no idea how it was going on. It was announced to run for three months; it ran for ten. As it drew near its conclusion a Boston publisher wished to make a book of it, and offered to give the author a half share of the profits. But she was as little conscious what she had done as at the start what she was going to do. The offer was refused because her husband was "altogether too poor to assume the risk." The final agreement was for a 10 per cent. royalty on the sales. This brought her $10,000 at the end of the first three months and as much more at the end of six. Let no one, in his satisfaction in the moral implications of that enormous sale, forget the sympathetic pleasure that he ought to feel in Mrs. Stowe's material good fortune, her redemption from the poverty by which she had been so long oppressed, and her entrance on a full enjoyment of the literary life.

The wonderful fortunes of the book, into how many languages it was translated, how many editions there were in England, and how many copies there were sold—all this is much better told in the introduction to the fine edition published about ten years ago than here. The value of a statement, on page 190, by Mr. Sampson Low, that "the aggregate number of copies circulated in Great Britain and the colonies exceeds one and a half milions," is diminished by the absence of any date—a deficiency that is characteristic of the book at every stage.

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The year following the publication of 'Uncle Tom,' after preparing the 'Key to Uncle Tom's Cabin,' in response to the adverse criticism that had been made upon the book, Mrs. Stowe went to Europe, and her reception in England was as cordial as she could desire. There is no lack of self-respect in Mrs. Stowe's own allusions to the friendships that she formed and the attentions that were shown to her, but there is sometimes a lack of due respect and reverence for her in the emphasis which her biographer places upon these things and on the recognition of her genius by persons of high social rank. Between her first visit to England in 1853 and her second visit in 1856, she had a considerable correspondence with Garrison, of which a fuller account is given in the Garrison biography than here, where in the letters there is no indication of omitted portions, as there should be, and must be always if we are not to have a kind of negative garbling. One effect of 'Uncle Tom' was to make Mrs. Stowe an abolitionist. She was a colonizationist when she wrote it, in sympathy with a contemporary revival of the colonization doctrine to which even James G. Birney gave in his assent. At the same time she thought one effect of her book had been "to moderate the bitterness of feeling in extreme abolitionists." She had written to Douglass warmly against the abolitionist arraignment of the Church as "the bulwark of slavery"—an ex-slaveholder's phrase—but later she justified this when writing, "The professed Christian Church is pushed up to its duty to the world," and she found the leading Presbyterian paper of the North so hot against her book that even Southern critics called a halt.

The enlarging influence of a great work and purpose has seldom had a finer illustration than in the general effect of 'Uncle Tom' on Mrs. Stowe's mind and character. It helped to liberate the slave; it entirely liberated her own genius. After 1852 she seems a different woman. Looked to for counsel and encouragement, she rose to the occasion. In her letters we have the dignity of great events for the triviality of domestic miseries. In 'Dred,' and the 'Minister's Wooing,' and 'Old Town Folks,' she attained to an artistic excellence which had been denied to her great improvisation. We are obliged to feel that if there had been at the foundation of 'Uncle Tom' the assimilated experience of the New England stories, it would have been a great advantage. We get the critical point of view in a few letters from Harriet Martineau, Ruskin, George Eliot, and James Russell Lowell. Mr. Lowell's letters are of great interest and importance, though on page 333 he does himself immense injustice when he says, "From long habit and from the tendency of my studies, I cannot help looking at things purely from an æsthetic point of view; and what I valued in 'Uncle Tom' was the genius, not the moral." It was the general opinion of those of her critics who were best qualified to speak, that the art value of 'Dred' and 'The Minister's Wooing' was much greater than that of 'Uncle Tom.' Mrs. Stowe was in England when 'Dred' came out, and its sale there ran up in a few weeks to 60,000. Strangely enough, there is not a word about the impression made by the book in America, nor of the disappointment which the author must have felt in the failure of the general public to second the opinion of her literary friends. 'The Minister's Wooing' does not lend itself to the doctrine that the best work is done without engagement of the conscience and the heart. It had a deeper moral root than 'Uncle Tom.' Mrs. Stowe's soul was never shaken by the wickedness of slavery as by the enormity of the doctrine of eternal punishment.

Chapter xvii., entitled "Florida, 1865–69," in both the index and the body of the work, covers the entire period of Mrs. Stowe's winter residence in Florida to 1882. The next chapter returns to 1869, and 'Old Town Folks,' which was published in that year, the last of Mrs. Stowe's books, in the opinion of her son (which probably reflects her own), that is likely to outlive the author. The chapter is largely taken up with certain strange experiences of Prof. Stowe "in the world of spirits." There is a good deal here and elsewhere bearing upon Mrs. Stowe's interest in spiritualism, which was protracted and intense, but of which the final outcome was a complete distrust of the value, if not of the reality, of all supposed communications from another world. Delightful incidents of her later life were her friendships with Dr. Holmes and George Eliot. There was need of such, for there was much anxiety and pain for her in the "Byron Controversy," and the trial of her brother Henry for a criminal offence. The latter is treated exclusively in a long letter to George Eliot, full of generous admiration for her brother and confidence in his integrity, the absolute sincerity of which no one can reasonably doubt, and in which the most implacable of Mr. Beecher's critics ought to take unqualified delight. In the "Byron Controversy," many who agree with Dr. Holmes that Mrs. Stowe had made good her accusation, will equally agree with George Eliot that the advantage to Lady Byron's character from Mrs. Stowe's disclosure was no sufficient compensation for the harm it did to the community, by fixing its attention on a matter so intolerably vile.

In 1873 Mrs. Stowe was induced to make an extensive tour as a public reader from her own writings. The experiment, however lucrative, proved wearisome and joyless, and was not tried again. June 14, 1882, her seventieth birthday was celebrated very pleasantly at Newtonville, Mass., under the auspices of her publishers, Houghton, Mifflin & Co. The occasion brought together more than two hundred people of literary and social distinction, and there were poems read from Whittier and Holmes and others, with appropriate words of greeting and response. This was Mrs. Stowe's last public appearance; and her last words, referring to the race problem in the South, were a golden prophecy: "Everything that ought to happen is going to happen." The last letters given are full of tender reminiscences. In one of these, on page 508, a stanza occurs, without quotation marks, contrary to Mrs. Stowe's custom in quoting, which will be generally taken as her own. But it does her no credit as it stands, and it is, in fact, a dreadfully mangled recollection of the last stanza in Frederic W. Myers's splendidly lyrical "St. Paul." It ought to read:

"Yea, thro' life, death, thro' sorrow and thro' sinning
He shall suffice me, for He hath sufficed;
Christ is the end, for Christ was the beginning,
Christ the beginning, for the end is Christ."

DU CHAILLU'S VIKING AGE.

The Viking Age. The Early History, Manners, and Customs of the Ancestors of the English-speaking Nations. By Paul B. Du Chaillu. 2 vols. Charles Scribner's Sons. 1889. Illustrations and map.

THE veteran book-maker Du Chaillu has again earned a notable and well-merited success, this time in a field which, in English literature especially, has been signally left uncared for. While in Germany and in Scandinavia itself books have been written upon the life of the ancient inhabitants of the North, no such comprehensive popular work as this, with citations from the old literature and illustrations of all sorts of objects preserved from the ancient days, has yet appeared. It is, accordingly, an unused opportunity that the author of the work, with characteristic energy, has recognized and seized. The two volumes are filled to overflowing with curious and interesting facts concerning the people of the Scandinavian North, whose manners, social customs, and national life the more than thirteen hundred illustrations serve to bring up almost visibly before us.

Just what Mr. Du Chaillu means, however, by the 'Viking Age,' is not absolutely apparent. As commonly applied by historians, it is only the period between 800 and 1000 A. D., when the Northern people enter particularly upon that restless epoch of their history which conquered parts of the British Islands, Shetland, and the Orkneys, populated Iceland, and made a Normandy in France. To give it an archæological terminology, it falls, accordingly, wholly within the Iron Age. In point of fact, there were Vikings in spirit, and perhaps also in name, long before this period of extended, and, to a certain extent, concerted action. Du Chaillu has apparently used the term generically to apply to the whole time, historic and prehistoric, through which the Northern nations can be traced, and has even illustrated earlier remains that may not have belonged to a Teutonic people at all. There is no reason, of course, why all this should not be embodied in such a work; it ought, however, to be explained and a new terminology substantiated.

An innovation much more striking, however, than this is boldly set forward on the title-page, where we are told that we are to read, not, as we had supposed, the record of an allied Teutonic people, but the history of the actual "ancestors of the English-speaking nations." Now, there is no doubt of the common origin of the so-called Teutonic nations—that is a conclusion no longer necessary to prove. To substantiate, however, a degree of consanguinity never before suspected, it is necessary to bring forward proof of the most striking and unimpeachable character, based upon newly discovered facts, or, which is much the same thing, upon discarded material unexpectedly made good. Du Chaillu, however, has not done this. In the light of existing material the matter was definitively settled long ago, and our author has discovered nothing new. Very frequently, in this part of his work, he has either not had at his disposal the entire facts of the case, or he has failed to weigh accurately, without preconception, what others accept as facts.

In regard to the settlement of England from the Continent in the fifth century, contemporary, or nearly contemporary, records are fairly explicit, nor in their essential features is there reason to doubt their authenticity. Of the invading tribes the Saxons, evidently at this time the collective name of several tribes not all originally bearing it, lived in the region both to the north and the south of the Elbe; the Angles were in contiguous territory to the north, the Jutes still further to the north in the upper part of the neck of the Schleswig-Holstein peninsula. Both Ptolemy, in the second century, and Marcianus, a little while after him, knew of Saxons on the peninsula to the north of the Elbe. Eutropius, in the latter part of the following century, describes Saxons as making piratical attacks—Viking voyages, if one chooses—upon the coasts of Gaul. It is a matter, furthermore, of but little doubt that it was the same Saxon pirates,

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sailing out of the mouths of the Weser, the Elbe, and the Eider, who afterwards extended their excursions across the Channel and ravaged the shores of Roman Britain. Although Du Chaillu, to prove differently, has again brought to light an argument apparently long since laid to rest, *Limes Saxonicus* and *Littus Saxonicum* mean not the country the Saxons occupied, but the marches they harried. Earlier accounts of these Teutonic maritime tribes there are none. Cæsar's description of the Suevi only applies to the people adjacent to Gaul or the Empire. Tacitus mentions the Angles, to be sure, by name, but only incidentally as a North-German tribe with whom he manifestly did not come in contact. As regards the actual settlement of England from 449 on, there is, as has been intimated, no reason to doubt the main facts of the traditional account contained in the *Anglo-Saxon Chronicle* and in Bede. No good evidence has thus far been brought forward to disprove it, and the evidence of institutions and of language is unmistakably in its favor.

If the Saxons were a Continental Teutonic tribe, or, what is most likely, a congeries of tribes, the generalizations of Tacitus, as contained in the 'Germania,' ought manifestly to apply to their institutions, even after the lapse of more than four centuries and the transference to a new environment, provided, of course, that those institutions have been left to pursue a development as unimpaired as may be by foreign interference. In point of fact, there is not a general, but a most particular coincidence between the institutions of the Teutonic tribes of the Continent in the time of Tacitus and the Anglo-Saxons of early England. Such writers, for instance, as Stubbs, in his 'Constitutional History,' have pointed out in detail and incontrovertibly the links of the connecting chain. That it is possible, on the other hand, to prove not only a multitude of fundamental correspondences, but numerous striking coincidences between English and Scandinavian institutions, is a result presupposed by the commonly accepted Teutonic origin of both people. Such a proof, nevertheless, in the absence of historical or other data to substantiate it, establishes nothing more than the original consanguinity that is now no longer a matter of doubt. To cite, however, as illustrative of the early institutions of the ancestors of the English the laws contained in those sagas specifically Icelandic, no one of which could possibly have had its action until the tenth century, is an unpardonably careless use of terms. In old Icelandic literature we have a storehouse of detail as to primitive conditions of society and state that is utterly lacking to any such extent elsewhere among the Germanic peoples. While no one, therefore, will dispute the exceeding and especial value of the sagas for the light they shed upon ancient Teutonic life, there is, nevertheless, here an interval of nearly five centuries from the usually accepted date of the settlement of England; a new environment that has necessitated, to no small extent, new conditions; and a direct descent from Norway which had already established itself as a nationality over against the other Scandinavian tribes.

If an appeal is made to the phonology or to the lexicographical elements of the languages of the people here brought into question, the fact of identity that Du Chaillu assumes becomes more than ever hopelessly incapable of proof. The assumption of identity at the late day that our author affirms the languages to have been the same, presupposes in the first place a subsequent differentiation which, under the known circumstances of historical development in each dialect, is unparalleled elsewhere and utterly impossible here. Mr. Du Chaillu leaves this point, however, wholly outside of his argument, although this one fact alone is quite enough to disprove his whole elaborate reasoning. The claim to community of language as here presented is based upon two or three extracts from Old Norse writings that are, however, capable of an entirely different interpretation from that which the author puts upon them. The principal statement in Old Norse literature directly bearing upon the case is that contained in the 'Gunnlaugs Saga,' whose action falls between 983 and 1009. This statement is, however, not a constituent part of the original saga, but was added by the saga-writer, in all probability at least a century and a half after the events with which it is here placed in juxtaposition. It is as follows: "The tongue was one in England and Norway before William the Bastard conquered England. But thenceforward French was current in England, since he was thence [*sic*] descended." The true explanation of this simply is that here were two Teutonic people speaking kindred dialects, which had differentiated themselves, at the time the writer has in mind, generically but little. There is, at this time, free intercourse between the Anglo-Saxons and the people of the North. The Icelanders, particularly, in their character of merchant, soldier of fortune, or wandering scald, were readily understood not only in Norway, Sweden, and Denmark, but also in England, as numerous instances from the sagas incontestably prove. The fact, however, that the language of one land was intelligible in the others by no manner of means precludes differentiation. Compared with the language brought into England by the Normans at the Conquest, it is up to that time one language that is spoken over the whole Teutonic territory. There is, besides, plenty of Anglo-Saxon from this very time that is not Old Norse, as the most cursory comparison of the very scaldic strophes that were recited by Icelanders in England with the English language of that day will prove. A point that Du Chaillu has lost sight of corroborates this theory: the first definite knowledge that we have of the North is that contained in the narratives of Ohthere and Wulfstan, who came to the court of Alfred the Great in 871. Alfred apparently had no previous knowledge of the North, and eagerly accepted their information, which he appends to his translation of Orosius. These two Northmen, in the ninth century, so far as can be seen, have no difficulty in communicating with the King, but the language of Alfred's Orosius is very far from being Old Norse of this or any other period.

Mr. Du Chaillu further raises the point that nowhere in the sagas is "Saxon" applied to England or its inhabitants, thus leaving the inference that the Northmen were themselves the so-called Anglo-Saxons. If the term "Saxon," however, as applied to the people or the language of England does not appear in the North, neither, as Freeman shows in his 'Norman Conquest,' does it occur from a true Teutonic source in Anglo-Saxon literature itself before the Conquest. The Chronicles use "Engle" of the followers of Hengest and Horsa, while the people as a whole are "Angelcynn," and the language is "Englisc." In the same way Old Norse has "Enskirmenn," Englishmen, "Enskr," English, "Enska," the English language. "Saxon," however, appears frequently enough in the sagas with its own signification, being there invariably applied to Germany.

The greater and by far the more valuable and satisfactory part of Du Chaillu's book is that formed by the translations from Old Norse originals, which have been judiciously selected so as to form, as nearly as may be, a connected account of the details of ancient life in the North. As a whole, they are extremely well rendered. This is particularly true of the prose, which includes extracts from the Younger Edda, from the early Norwegian and Icelandic laws, and almost the whole range of the saga literature. As much, perhaps, cannot always be said of the Eddic and scaldic poetry, which, although it is usually true to the letter of the original, yet often falls far short of being felicitous, and is frequently entirely lacking in the peculiar essence that gives it its distinctive character, and which a mere translation of words is entirely inadequate to reproduce.

As for the book as a whole, while its critics have for the most part taken it too seriously, as if it were, or pretended to be, a scientific and not a popular exposition of the subject which it treats, it is none the less a record of persistent and ingenious research, and of extraordinary literary zeal. If Mr. Du Chaillu has not proved the startling assumption of the title-page, he has, nevertheless, made a most noteworthy addition to the English literature of the history, manners, and customs of ancient Scandinavia.

BOOKS ABOUT THE STAGE.

Memories of Fifty Years. By Lester Wallack. With an introduction by Laurence Hutton. Charles Scribner's Sons.

The London Stage: Its History and Traditions from 1576 to 1888. By H. Barton Baker. London: W. H. Allen & Co. 2 vols.

Our Recent Actors: Being Recollections Critical, and in many cases Personal, of late Distinguished Performers of both Sexes, with some Incidental Notices of Living Actors. By Westland Marston. 2 vols. in 1. Boston: Roberts Bros.

Le Théâtre en France: Histoire de la Littérature dramatique depuis ses origines jusqu'à nos jours. Par L. Petit de Julleville. Paris: Armand Colin; New York: F. W. Christern.

La Comédie en France au XVIIIe. Siècle. Par C. Lenient. 2 vols. Paris: Hachette; New York: F. W. Christern.

Mr. Lester Wallack bore an honored name; he came of good theatrical stock; he was a comedian with great breadth of humor and abundant dash; he was a kindly man in private life; but he had an overwhelming self-consciousness—an egotism almost incomparable even in the history of the stage. Thus it happened that, succeeding to the finest theatrical property ever passed from father to son, he saw it slowly crumble and decay in his hands, until at last he gave up the theatre founded by his father on a rock, and he was reduced to taking a benefit like any other theatrical wreck. Moreover, after having associated all his life with clever people, he left a book of reminiscence absolutely devoid of value. From the perusal of these 'Memories of Fifty Years' we rise with no addition to our knowledge of the stage, its art, or its history, except a sharper impression of the author's extraordinary egotism. The publishers have done all that need be done for an author. The cover of the book is neat; the typography is elegant; there is an abundance of illustrations. The editor has treated the actor with the utmost care, having provided a list of parts and an index, and written a biographical sketch which is a model of brevity, complete-

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ness, and courtesy, such as we may fairly expect from Mr. Laurence Hutton.

The only fault to be found with either editor or publisher is that they have allowed to appear the needless and pointless mention of the domestic difficulties of Hamblin, whose relatives survive to be wounded by Wallack's careless chatter. It is Wallack himself who did the least for his book. We quite understand the feeling of the old soldier and old playgoer who said that this volume of 'Memories' "was the biggest give-away since 'McClellan's Own Story,'" and it is like that in so far as the hero is condemned out of his own mouth. As an instance of the blindness which allowed Lester Wallack to see only himself, we may call attention to pp. 205-7, from which it appears that the actor was very intimate with Thackeray, whom he met night after night when the novelist was in this country, and the one fragment of the novelist's talk that lingered in Wallack's memory was a compliment on his acting with Blake in "A Cure for the Heartache." The book is bare even of amusing anecdotes of his fellow-players, a class quick to see a joke and prompt to tell it, and adroit in setting it off to best advantage. Almost the only jest the reader can recall readily is Blake's rather vulgar practical joke on the name of the unimportant actor whom he caused to figure on the playbill as "Mr. B. Hind." It remains to be recorded only that Lester Wallack was born in Varick Street, in this city, and that he dwelt here at least two-thirds of his life: yet, according to his own declaration, he remained all his days an Englishman, and he died at last a foreigner in the country of his birth.

Mr. H. Barton Baker is already known to readers of theatrical books as the author of 'Our Old Actors,' a pleasant, gossiping, uncritical, and often inaccurate series of biographical sketches of the more distinguished British comedians and tragedians. His present book is misnamed; it is in reality a series of histories of each of the London theatres as they have come and gone during the past three centuries. As such it is very welcome indeed. We know not where else to look for such an account, the utility of which will be apparent at once to all who have ever had occasion to pursue any original investigation in theatrical history. Especially to be commended is the chronological list of the London theatres from the earliest period to the present time, beginning with the theatre built in 1576 and ending with the Shaftesbury and the Lyric, opened only last year. It is to be hoped that some such similar list may soon be prepared of the theatres of New York, tracing the history of each house through all its successive changes of name. The present Daly's Theatre, for example, has been known as Banvard's, Wood's, and the Broadway; and other Broadway Theatres have existed near Broome Street and opposite Waverley Place before the present theatre at Forty-first Street.

Mr. Baker considers first the Elizabethan and then the Restoration play-houses. Then, in two chapters each, he gives us the annals in outline of Drury Lane and of Covent Garden. A single chapter suffices for the Haymarket and for the King's Theatre (Her Majesty's). In the second volume separate chapters are given to the Olympic, the Lyceum, the Adelphi, the St. James's, the Princess's (with its memories of the Keans), Sadler's Wells (the scene of Phelps's triumphs), and the former Prince of Wales's (where Mrs. Bancroft brought out the Robertsonian comedies). The other minor theatres are more briefly considered. Mr. Baker is not as precise or as accurate as the late Mr. Blanchard, who covered some of the same ground in briefer articles in the successive "*Era* Almanacks," but, for the most part, his work is done fairly enough. His English is execrable; he dislikes Americans; he thinks the late Mr. Sothern was a bad actor; and he approves of one of the most outrageous acts ever committed by a literary pirate, Fitzball's dramatization of Cooper's 'Pilot,' in which the nationality of the heroes was changed, and Long Tom Coffin was made to appear as an Englishman. It is perhaps characteristic, also, that Mr. Baker accepts Mr. Burnand as the author of "Proof" (a bald adaptation from the French), and that he thinks that Scribe wrote "Don César de Bazan."

Dr. Westland Marston is a dramatic author of high repute and wide experience, and he ought, therefore, to be a dramatic critic of nice discrimination. The present volume of theatrical reminiscence is almost an autobiography, and, with but a few sparse exceptions, it is a critical record of things seen. It would be better were it wholly so, for a first-hand report has always its own value. We felt a certain doubtfulness as to Dr. Marston's disinterestedness, or acumen, when we read in his preface a flattering reference to Mr. T. Thorne, who is one of the poorest of contemporary English low comedians, but who happens also to be the manager of a London theatre. For the most part, however, the criticism is sound, although we cannot but think that Dr. Marston overpraises the late Adelaide Neilson, an actress of limited gifts, unduly lauded during her life, and nearly always overestimated since her death. He is more moderate in his praise of Fechter, also an overrated performer. His appreciation of Charlotte Cushman is hearty and discriminating. Among the others whom he considers are Macready, Phelps (from whom he quotes an opinion absolutely in favor of the Diderot-Coquelin theory), Charles Kemble, and Charles Kean (and of the latter he tells several amusing stories, indicating a keener sense of humor on the actor's part than the feeble but authorized biography would have suggested).

Although there is no lack of fairly good histories of French dramatic literature, M. Petit de Julleville's excellent compendium is welcome. It is greatly to be wished that we had as good a history of English dramatic literature; Prof. Ward's is not altogether satisfactory, and it stops with the reign of Queen Anne. M. de Julleville is already known to those interested in the French drama by his careful study of the rude stage literature of the middle ages; and in the early part of the present volume he does little more than summarize the results set forth at length in his larger treatises. Like most French writers about dramatic literature, M. de Julleville considers plays strictly from the theatrical point of view; in France a play is something to be played, and the heresy of the "closet-drama" has never taken root there. The non-theatrical point of view is one of the chief defects of Mr. George Saintsbury's histories of French literature; to Mr. Saintsbury it seems to make little difference whether or not a play had been acted or was intended to be acted. Of course, no critic with a real understanding of the principles of the drama would ever make a blunder like that. While the account of the early French stage, its origins, its growth, and its development, is perhaps what is freshest in M. de Julleville's history, he is perfectly at home in the other divisions of his subject. The chapter on Molière is wholly adequate. The discussion of the contemporary French dramatists is pertinent and acute. Note, for example, his tracing (pp. 358–9) of the possible connection between the ruder melodrama of Pixérécourt and the splendidly rhetorical plays of Hugo.

One point which M. de Julleville brings out clearly is, that, frequent as were the French imitations of the Spanish drama in the seventeenth century, they were not more in number than the French imitations of the English drama in the eighteenth century. He shows, for instance, how the plot of "Venice Preserved" was used in La Fosse's Roman tragedy of "Manlius" (see, also, pp. 286, 303, 305, and 306). This same point is repeatedly brought out in M. Lenient's history of French comedy in the last century. In view of the ampler richness of French dramatic literature in the days of its great trinity, Corneille, Molière, Racine, and seeing the vigorous revival of French dramatic art in our own day, with Hugo and Scribe, Dumas, father and son, Augier and Sardou, we may sometimes overlook the value of French comedy in the eighteenth century. But a book like this of M. Lenient's forces us to acknowledge the vitality and vivacity of the dramatists of that day also. Regnard, Dancourt, Destouches, Marivaux, Sedaine, and, greatest of all, Beaumarchais—these are names not to be neglected. M. Lenient's account of their comedies is an honest and conscientious work, lacking a little in originality and in personal impressions, but orthodox and trustworthy.

A New England Girlhood, Outlined from Memory. By Lucy Larcom. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1889.

It is difficult to convey by brief notice the charm of this simple autobiography of early years in New England, which is the last issue of the Riverside Library for Young People. It is written for the young, and that fact has influenced both the style and the contents; but it has an interest for older readers who may enjoy an exceedingly truthful and unvarnished picture of life in an humble New England home, typical of thousands of such hearths, in which the virtue and power of New England lay.

Miss Larcom has obtained some repute as a minor poetess by graceful verses of local interest, and was at one time an object of curiosity as one of the literary mill-girls of Lowell, who made such a collection of factory hands as the world never saw elsewhere, at the time when Lowell sprang up as a centre of manufactures. She was born at Beverly, on the Massachusetts coast, and grew up with just such training and amid the same traditions and circumstances as then were the common lot of New England birth, although the sea-faring influence prevailing in Massachusetts Bay gave a peculiar local color to her childhood. She describes in homely phrase and without reservation the persons of her girlhood, the family and relatives, the country scenes, the school and the church, the foreign touches in the community arising from a world-wide trade which took a sailor from every family; and mingles with this trivial anecdotes, but such as show very plainly and often with delightful simplicity the life of a child in these surroundings. The chapter upon the Hymn-Book, and the confession she makes of her childish errors in religious matters, and her reasoning about them at the time, are characteristic. The nearness of England—the books for the young then coming principally from English pens and the imaginary children being English—is noticeable; and the excellent reading of those days, which included the 'Pilgrim's Progress,' always a prime favorite, Shakspere, Cowper, Miss Edgeworth, Scott's novels, Layard's and Stephens's travels, and the like, is something to

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make one regret the old time, and to help one to understand why New England was fruitful in literature. The whole range of life, intellectual, religious, and social, is covered by Miss Larcom's narrative, and the forming elements in it are plainly made out, while the scene of hillside and sea, and the gray streets with the great and humble houses, the graveyard, and the ships coming and going, is admirably rendered as a background. It was a community in which as a child she did not know the meaning of "rich" and "poor."

The family, however, was in humble circumstances, and when the father died, leaving only the strip of land and the house, it was necessary for the widow to make some provision for the children. She removed to Lowell, and took charge of one of the boarding-houses. Then Miss Larcom soon grew old enough to do some little work at the mills, and of course did it. She was still quite young, apparently under fourteen, and was able to pass an intervening year at Beverly before she came into the mills to do a woman's full work. The more interesting portion of the volume to many will be her portrayal of the life led there by the New England girls who came from all parts to earn their living. The management was wise and liberal, and endeavored to do all that was possible for these young women. A single passage will best present Miss Larcom's impression of her mates, who with her were supporting a magazine, learning German or ethics, or welcoming Carlyle and Tennyson:

"What were we? Girls who were working in a factory for the time, to be sure; but none of us had the least idea of continuing at that kind of work permanently. Our composite photograph, had it been taken, would have been the representative New England girlhood of those days. We had all been fairly educated at public or private schools, and many of us were resolutely bent on obtaining a better education. Very few were among us without some distinct plan for bettering the condition of themselves and those they loved. For the first time our young women had come forth from their home retirement in a throng, each with her own individual purpose. For twenty years or so Lowell might have been looked upon as a rather select industrial school for young people. The girls then were just such girls as are knocking at the doors of young women's colleges to-day."

Many of them supported themselves at the seminaries of the best class one half the year by working the other half at the mills; some were working in order to send their brothers to college—the man's privilege; they all seem to have valued and used the opportunities supplied them at Lowell by societies and classes to improve their minds. Miss Larcom writes sympathetically of their lives, but with a fidelity which carries its own warrant on its face. She adopts the tradition of her people that it is natural for women as well as men to work, that it is their duty, and that it brings with it no reason for regret in an honest heart.

She left the mills when little more than twenty, and added to her life the experience of "going West." The change from the mill-machinery to the unsettled and treeless Illinois prairies is strikingly shown; the description of the travellers and of the mood of the emigrant beginning to build a home in that strange land is excellent in truth and likeness; and here her story ends with a brief account of the college she found, already flourishing even there, and in which she was able to complete her education by working in the institution. The entire narrative is thus an illustration of working life led by a girl under the stimulus of conscientious habit, and with the purpose always to care not less for the mind than for the wants of life. It cannot but be stimulating to those in similar circumstances to her own, and should be interesting to others. The simple tributes to the daily virtue and character of her immediate friends, and particularly a sister, are an added charm, and give breadth to the volume as a record of the common womanhood of the New England stock in its usual and average examples in the community at large. The lover of New England traditions could not ask for a truer or simpler account of them forty years ago; and to those who are interested to know what it was that constituted that hardy and fertile life, so often praised, the book will give much instruction. It is, however, meant for the young, to whom its style and matter are adapted, and for them there could not be more healthy food.

Arkansas Geological Survey. Annual Report for 1888 of John C. Branner, State Geologist. In four volumes. Vols. I–III. Little Rock Press Printing Co.

Up to within a comparatively recent date less has been definitely known about the geology of the State of Arkansas than of almost any of our States or Territories. Not only was there here a serious gap in our knowledge of the general geological structure of the country, but there existed no adequate means of estimating the probable basis of fact in the reports that appeared from time to time of discoveries in it of mineral deposits of marvellous wealth. The recent institution of a State Geological Survey was therefore a wise method of establishing a permanent and legitimate basis for the development of its mineral resources, though it may result in dispelling some of the visions of untold wealth to be acquired in it with little or no labor that are apt to be entertained with regard to regions geologically unknown.

The selection for its Director of a man like Mr. Branner, who, having won his geological spurs under Hartt in Brazil, has had considerable practical experience in this country, was particularly fortunate, seeing that he is also one who appreciates the importance of scientific methods in applied geology. The method of treatment pursued in these first reports is a distinct advance over that hitherto employed by many State geologists of describing the region surveyed areally, *i. e.*, by counties, townships, or other artificial subdivisions. It consists in discussing it systematically, or on the basis of the individual geological formations of the State, and to each of his assistants has been intrusted the investigation of a special formation or group of formations. Vol i. contains a report of a preliminary examination of western Arkansas, with special reference to its resources in the precious metals, by Prof. Theo. B. Comstock. In the choice of Prof. Comstock Mr. Branner has been less fortunate than in the case of his other assistants, but with the meagre funds at his command he evidently had no very wide range of choice. Prof. Comstock's theoretical views are peculiar to himself, and unintelligible to the majority of his readers, and are of little practical value. In the present case he has done what he could for a most unpromising field, yet with all his good will, he makes but a poor showing for the metallic richness of the region examined. Vol. ii. contains a discussion of the Neozoic geology of southwestern Kansas, by Robert T. Hill, which scientifically fills the important gap in the cretaceous and tertiary formations between the Rocky Mountain region and the East, and in its application shows the character and origin of the soils of the region, the methods of improving them, and the economic resources of these formations, such as clays, building materials, gypsum, chalk, lignites, etc. Vol. iii. is by Arthur Winslow, on the geology of the coal regions in western Arkansas, with economic discussions of the comparative composition and adaptability of the various coals.

Such a method of treatment, as compared with the areal treatment by counties, is like the work of the topographer who makes a map showing the surface configuration of a given area, its hills and valleys and natural incidents, compared with that of the land-office surveyor who runs out the lines of a township at so much per mile, and makes a map showing only the outlines of the area surveyed and the points where streams cross these lines. From the material furnished by the latter, by drawing in the intermediate portion of such streams between their intersections with the surveyed lines, an approximate map of the drainage systems could be produced, but one in which guess-work necessarily furnishes a large portion of the data. Imperfect though this method is, it was alone employed for the greater part of the maps of our country until topographical surveys had been instituted. The system of geological surveys by counties, indeed, affords a basis upon which a systematic survey may be built; but unless the systematization be made by one familiar with all the features of the country by personal observation, it too must necessarily have a large proportion of guess-work included in it.

Fugitive Facts: An Epitome of General Information. Edited by Robert Thorne, M.A. New York: A. L. Burt. 1889. Pp. 491.

As one star differeth from another in glory, so may one compilation have fewer claims than another upon the reader's attention. Some are the fruit of many years' searching for the needles of out-of-the-way learning; others are but pages of a scrap-book in which is pasted anything, on any subject, which strikes the maker's eye. The present well-printed and neatly bound volume belongs to the latter class. We presume the compiler is pleased at having his clippings in a shape easier to handle, and we dare say there are persons to whom "Gems" from the encyclopædia will be more interesting than "Choice Passages" of like length from the works of Shakspere or Mrs. Southworth. For a schoolboy, again, to whom useful knowledge (not included in his text-books) must be administered in small and varied doses, this book might be a desirable prize or birthday gift. It is as full of information as an egg is of meat, and, from the composition of Absinthe to the politics of Zululand, all interests are provided for.

It is hardly worth while to inquire into the quality of the information furnished, both because no student would consult a book of this sort, and because it makes no pretensions either to supersede or to stand in the way of any serious work of reference. We shall therefore permit ourselves only two criticisms: one is, that much of the value of a "scrap" consists in knowing whence it is taken; the productions of a space writer on the *Greenbush News* not having the same degree of value, to some persons, as an extract on the same topic from the 'Britannica' would have. Mr. Thorne never gives this credit. Our second criticism is, that the alphabetical order in which the titles are arranged is not that of the key words, and, as there are no cross-references, much that the book contains is unavailable for reference. Thus, articles on Railways are found under Europe, New York (elevated), and First; Bells under Great; Blue-laws under both Blue and Massachusetts; Mugwump under Origin, etc.

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The Home of a Naturalist. By the Rev. Biot Edmondston and Jessie M. E. Saxby. Second edition. Scribner & Welford. 1890. 8vo, vi.-395 pp., illustrated.

In this volume are some twenty chapters, most of which appeared in *Chambers' Journal* and other British periodicals so long ago that their present republication has the effect of novelty. But there is nothing in them which the march of time should render uninviting. On the contrary, the bits of folk-lore and description of life in the Shetlands before the invasion of steamers and tourists become more attractive as the years go by. The papers separately published were well worth gathering and reprinting in permanent form. We have seldom derived more pleasure and satisfaction from a book of this class than the present volume has afforded. No one, young or old, we think, will finish its perusal without a feeling of gratitude to the authors for the charming and instructive pictures they have sketched. Home life of a sort only too infrequent, lived under conditions which the progress of civilization is rapidly effacing; sport and outdoor life, now no longer possible in like measure in any part of Britain; animal psychology, as developed in a loving study of domestic pets—not the cat and collie alone, but such as the gull, the cormorant, or the seal; legends and superstitions as weird as those of Brittany and as firmly believed; Shetland weddings in that far-off time; the good physician, braving storm and tide-race on his mission of humanity—these things, and such as these, pass in review before us. They are simply told, out of personal experience and a full heart. Only one chapter, the last, seems to have a touch of fiction in it, and the altered note here is very marked.

The book is well worth better illustrations; the full-page process-work, though not worse than common, jars with the high quality of the text, and had better have been omitted. The heliotype portrait of the good old Scottish doctor and naturalist will be prized by many.

A Rambler's Lease. By Bradford Torrey. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1889.

Mr. Bradford Torrey is one of our pleasantest writers of outdoor books. He has the true rambler's gift, the eye to see and the heart to be interested, whatever fortune may bring him by the wayside. A cornfield in Vermont, a road in the woods, a mountain-side, are sufficient text for him, with their trees and brambles and especially their birds. Like most of those who have like tastes with him, he brings his whole life to bear upon his enjoyment of nature, and strews his pages with those confidences of boyish days which add charm to this modest way of writing. In early life a merely passive and poetical pleasure is the initiation through which these adepts pass, and in later days the disposition to inquire is aroused—the scientific curiosity of the intelligence—and the man becomes an amateur ornithologist of the living birds, interested in their little affairs and habits as in a kind of wild pets. Naturally he falls to conversing of them, and these essays take on a conversational and intimate quality, and through all quietly assume the reader's pleasure in listening. The birds and his adventures with them are the common topic, and he tells his anecdotes of them with an agreeable simplicity, and conveys into his words the wild-wood fascination which constitutes the attractiveness of the out-door book. Occasionally, as writers of such leisurely experiences do, he moralizes and indulges in fancies as to the animal soul in nature, and in general betrays a liking for the meditative sympathy of Wordsworth which so humanized the creatures of nature, whether plant or animal, in his poetry; and of course Emerson and Thoreau appear in quotation or allusion as the mild geniuses of this literary mood in New England. Reflection and sentiment, however, are not noticeably prominent; but rather the reader is led into direct acquaintance with the face of nature, in all seasons, and pleasantly reminded how much fine enjoyment lies just outside his threshold if he will but open his eyes and take what they bring him.

Handbook of Psychology. By James Mark Baldwin, Ph.D. Henry Holt & Co. 1889. 8vo, pp. 343.

The most astonishing feature of this book is that a Princetonian openly acknowledges a greater indebtedness to Wundt and Rabier than to Dr. McCosh. Surely the "American Philosophy" has come to a sad end. In its outline and peculiar philosophic views, this Handbook adheres very closely to the venerable ex-President's teaching; but the mass of facts pressed into that framework, for which, of course, the author is indebted to the new movement, gives a decidedly scientific aspect to the work, which is not common with American text-books on psychology. There is one intimation, at least, which would grieve the spirit of Mr. Baldwin's master, who is such a mortal enemy of Kant. In speaking of visual space perception, he says: "Sensations . . . can be only intensive modifications of consciousness which are apprehended under space-form by the mind's own reconstruction." If there was ever a graver departure from the Scottish philosophy than this, we have not seen it. It is, however, only one of the many incidents showing a movement away from the dogmatism of the Princetonian school. To be sure, a concession is made to pedagogic demands in the chapter on "Rational Function," where are raked together a lot of "intuitions," of which the last is the "intuition of God." The language defining it is worthy of quotation:

"The final conceptive product or ultimate generalization of reason proceeds out from the world and self, and seeks a further unifying postulate. This final unity is adumbrated in the unity of the apperceptive process, the identity of the reasoning powers, and the instability of all the complexes constructed in experience. Unity, identity, constructive infinity, end, cause, perfection, categorical being—all lead on, by the necessary progression of intellect, through the conditions and limitations of finite mind, to the intuition of the absolute and unconditioned subject *God*."

It is only just to say that obscurity like this is quite exceptional in Prof. Baldwin's textbook, which is far above the average, and is, for example, incomparably clearer than Prof. Dewey's, however much it may suffer by comparison in other respects. Taken as a whole, it is about the best we know.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Adams, W. H. D. The Maid of Orleans. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $1.25.
Bell, A. M. Popular Manual of Vocal Physiology and Visible Speech. New York: N. D. C. Hodges.
Bellamy, C. J. An Experiment in Marriage. Albany (N. Y.) Book Co. $1.
Black, W. Prince Fortunatus. Harper & Bros. 50 cents.
Booth, Maud B. Beneath Two Flags. Funk & Wagnalls. $1.
Browning, R. Asolando: Fancies and Facts. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.25.
Campbell, Rev. W. M. Footprints of Christ. Funk & Wagnalls. $1.50.
Carpenter, E. Civilization: Its Cause and Cure. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co.
Clark, Rev. R. W. The Church in Thy House: Daily Family Prayers. Thos. Whittaker. 60 cents.
Clarke, R. F. Cardinal Lavigerie and the African Slave Trade. Longmans, Green & Co. $4.50.
Conway, M. D. George Washington and Mount Vernon. Brooklyn, N. Y.: Long Island Historical Society.
Cooper, T. American Railroad Bridges. Engineering News Publishing Co.
Crooker, J. H. Problems in American Society: Social Studies. Boston: Geo. H. Ellis. $1.25.
Daudet, A. Kings in Exile. Chicago: Rand, McNally & Co.
De Costa, B. F. Pre-Columbian Discovery of America. 2d ed. Albany: Joel Munsell's Sons.
Dix, E. A. A Midsummer Drive through the Pyrenees. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.75.
Ernst II., Herzog von Sachsen-Coburg-Gotha. Aus meinem Leben und aus meiner Zeit. Vol. III. Berlin: Wilhelm Hertz.
Gowing, L. F. Five Thousand Miles in a Sledge Across Siberia. D. Appleton & Co. $1.50.
Griswold, Hattie T. Waiting on Destiny: A Story for Girls. Boston: Universalist Publishing House.
Halévy, L. The Abbé Constantin. Chicago: Rand, McNally & Co. $1.
Harper, Prof. W. R., and Burgess, I. B. An Inductive Latin Method. Ivison, Blakeman & Co.
Harper, Prof. W. R., and Waters, W. E. An Inductive Greek Method. Ivison, Blakeman & Co.
Heron-Allen, E. A Fatal Fiddle. Belford, Clarke & Co.
Hiermans, F. Love by Induction, and Other Plays. De Witt Publishing House. 50 cents.
Hildreth, C. L. Oo: Adventures in Orbello Land. Belford Co. $1.50.
Hutton, Rev. W. H. S. Thomas of Canterbury. London: David Nutt.
Ibsen, H. The Doll's House. D. Appleton & Co. 50 cents.
Jansen, V. F. Gesamtindex zu Kluges etymologischen Wörterbuch der deutschen Sprache. Strassburg: Karl J. Trübner.
Japp, A. H. Days with Industrials. Scribner & Welford. $1.25.
Johnson, S. Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinia. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. $1.
Justice and Jurisprudence: An Inquiry concerning the Constitutional Limitations of the XIIIth, XIVth, and XVth Amendments. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $3.
Laboulaye, E. Abdallah; or, The Four-Leaved Clover. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. $1.
Lanzky, P. Am Mittelmeer. Stuttgart: J. B. Metzler.
Loti, P. Into Morocco. Welch, Fracker Co.
Lyall, Sir A. Warren Hastings. Macmillan & Co. 60 cents.
Masson, Prof. D. The Collected Writings of Thomas De Quincey. Vol. II. Autobiography and Literary Reminiscences. Macmillan & Co. $1.25.
McCarthy, J. H. Lily Lass. D. Appleton & Co. 25 cents.
Moses, Rev. I. S., and Moses, Rev. M. Ethics of the Hebrew Scriptures. Cincinnati: Block Publishing Co.
Nelson, Dr. W. Five Years at Panama: the Trans-Isthmian Canal. Belford Co. $1.50.
Page, W. M. New Light from Old Eclipses; or, Chronology Corrected and the Four Gospels Harmonized. St. Louis: C. R. Barnes Publishing Co. $2.50.
Prentiss, G. L. Union Theological Seminary in the City of New York: Historical and Biographical Sketches. A. D. F. Randolph & Co. $2.
Sanders, D. Aus der Werkstatt eines Wörterbuchschreibers. Berlin: Hans Lüstenöder.
Sanders, D. Bausteine zu einem Wörterbuch der sinnverwandten Ausdrücke im Deutschen. Berlin: Hans Lüstenöder.
Schopenhauer, A. Religion: A Dialogue; and Other Essays. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co.
Scribner's Magazine. Vols. V., VI. Chas. Scribner's Sons. $2.25 each.
Sherwood, Emily L. Willis Peyton's Inheritance. Boston: Universalist Publishing House. 75 cents.
Smith, H. L., and Nash, V. Story of the Dockers' Strikes. London: T. Fisher Unwin.
Stearns, J. M. Germs and Developments of the Law of England. Banks & Bros.

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